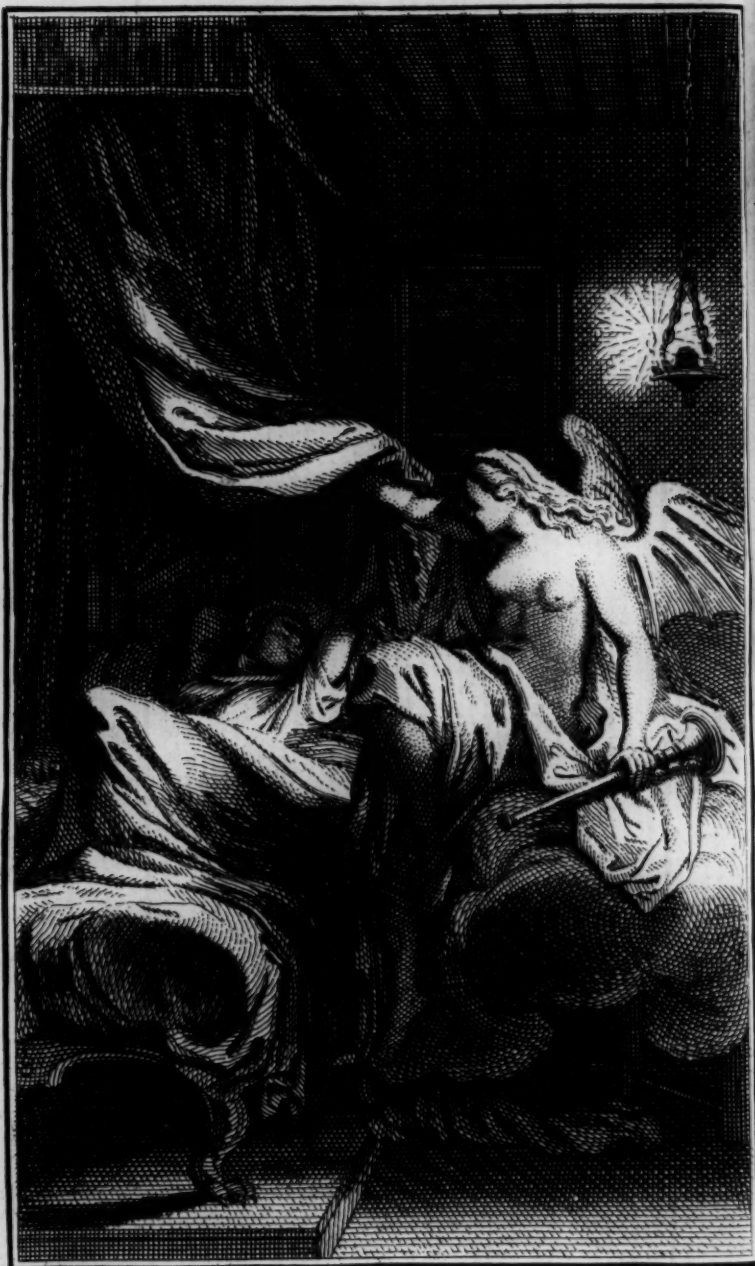
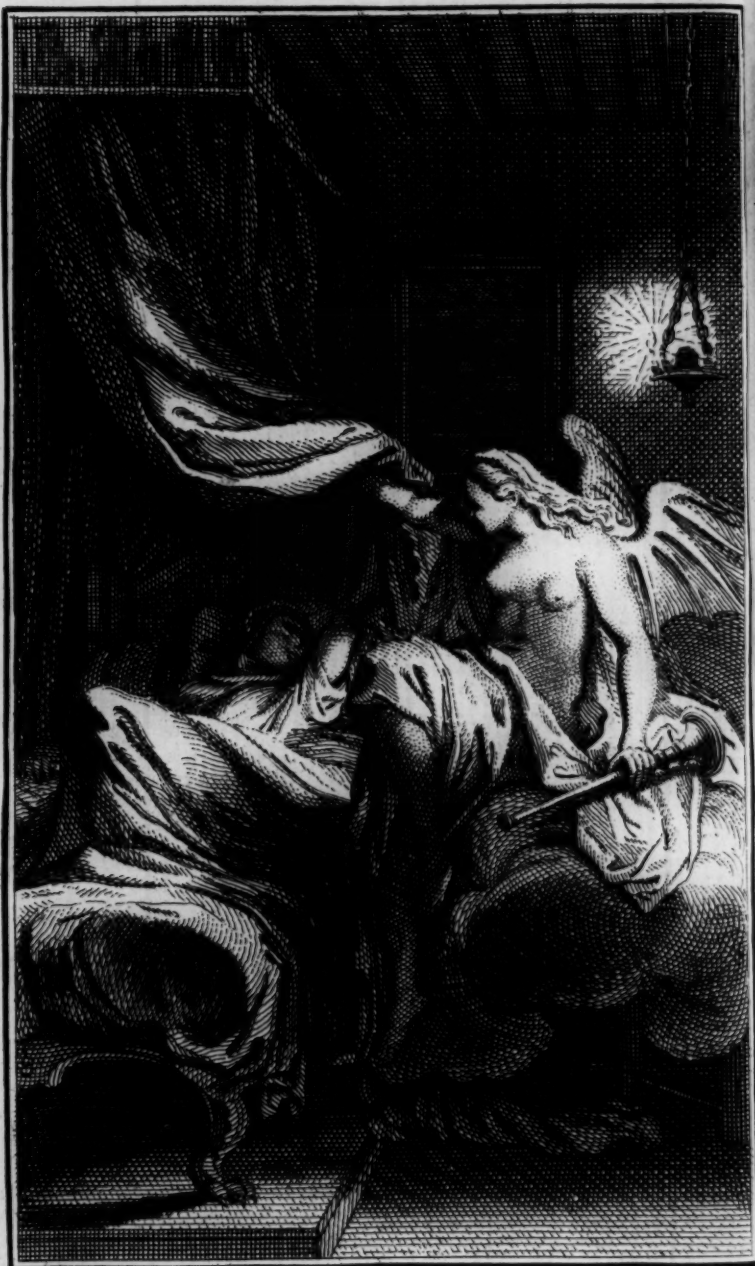




Gravelot invt.

J. Pine sculp.



Gravelot invt.

J. Pine sculp.

NUNNERY TALES:

Mary Written by a *Widow*
YOUNG NOBLEMAN,

A N D

Translated from his FRENCH Manuscript
into ENGLISH.

— *A Priest begot him, and 'tis thought
That Earth is more beholden to Priests for Bodies,
Than Heaven for Souls! nay, and a young Priest too,
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd Life to clasp the lusty Joy.*

LEE's *Cesar Borgia*.

The SECOND EDITION.



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by the Bookellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

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Nunnery TALES.



LMAYUE, a young Lady of celebrated Beauty and Accomplishments, having past the little Time allotted her by Fate in this World, in no other Amusements than censuring those Faults in her Acquaintance, which, 'tis said, *Pride* more than *Virtue* made her refuse herself ; was adjudged by *Nemesis*, after her Departure, to wander for a certain Space of Years among Persons, who, as she had done, made a Show of the severest Chastity and Purity of Sentiment ; but in Private indulg'd Desires to which she either fear'd, or scorn'd to give a Loose : And being allow'd her Choice among which Sect of these pretended Devotees she should take up her aerial Residence, she pitch'd on a College of *Benedictines*, which at that Time were establish'd in one of the finest and most magnificent Cities of the *European* World.

B

THERE

THERE did she see the Veil of *Religion* cover the most *prophane Desires*, and *impure Raptures* wear the Name of *Sacred Enthusiasm*. The Love she bore to exposing the Vices of as many as came within the Reach of her Observation, while living, still accompanied her *Spirit* when her *mortal* Part was consumed to Ashes, and deprived of any other Means of conversing with the Inhabitants of Earth than by Dreams, she took that Method of revealing the Secrets of the Cloyster.

ONE Night, taking on her the Appearance of the Goddess *Fame*, she presented herself to the ever-wakeful Fancy of a sleeping *Prude*, who she knew would not fail to report the Intelligence she receiv'd; and in these Terms began to gratify their mutual Love of Scandal.





*The HISTORY of BELLARDINE
and the Beautiful CLORETTA.*



JESUIT of the highest Estimation among his Order, having tempted to the Act of Shame a young Lady of great Quality, had by her a Daughter call'd *Cloretta*, who, to prevent the Disgrace her publick Appearance in the World might have brought on her Parents, was, as soon as born, committed to the Care of a Woman, who had formerly been a Servant in the Family, and on whose Secrecy they could rely; and being educated in that Manner, was afterwards disposed of in the *Benedictine* Monastery; hoping, perhaps, that by the Works of Supererogation, she might expiate the Sin of those who had begot her.

BUT, alas! how apt are we to conform in some Measure to the Notions of them to whom we owe our Being! and how prevalent is Nature in some Circumstances! The young *Cloretta*, before she had the least Notion of being made a Nun, had received with equal Ardor the Addresses of *Bellardine*, a young Gentleman equal in Rank; had she been acknowledg'd by the Family from

whence in reality she was descended, but infinitely superior to her in the Condition she appeared: Her Beauty, however, seemed to compensate for all other Deficiencies, and he lov'd her with as passionate an Affection as a Man can be said to do, who aims but to enjoy.

ALL at once, and when she was wholly unprepared to receive the dreadful Mandate, did the News arrive that she must retire to the Monastery of the *Benedictines*, in order to pass the Year of her Probation, and then be admitted to the Fellowship of the Holy Sisterhood for Life.

SHE no sooner heard this News, than she acquainted her dear *Bellardine* with it; and the Repugnance she felt in her Soul to enter into any State of Life which might deprive her of the Pleasure of his Conversation.

HE, all on Fire, and burning to possess her yet unrifled Charms, resolv'd, if possible, to make himself Master of them before she enter'd into a State, which must, in all probability, deprive him for ever of her, intreated she would give him the Liberty of waiting on her to a Wood at a little Distance from the House in which she liv'd; telling her, he had something to communicate to her, which might, perhaps, be of Service to her future Welfare, and destroy the Intentions of those who now had the Power of disposing her, had of burying her Beauties in a Cloyster.

SHE, who imagined his Affections pure, doubted not but he meant by marrying her, to take
from

from any other Person all Authority over her, willingly consented to hear what he had to say ; and giving him her Hand, suffer'd herself to be conducted by him wherever he would.

THEY pass'd on together without any thing more than his Protestations of unalterable Love ; and her Assurances, that since to engage a Man of his Quality on honourable Terms, was beyond her Hopes, a Cloyster was her only Relief, 'till they came to the thickest and most dark Recess the whole Forest afforded ; and then obliging her to sit down by him. My Angel, *said he, at the same Time pressing her Hand tenderly to his Bosom*, you seem to doubt the Truth of my Affection, when you imagine that the Difference of our present Circumstances will be a Bar to the Felicity I propose to myself in being yours. — 'Tis certain, I have some of kin to me, who may impede the Marriage Ceremony, but yet they cannot hinder it for ever. — But in that Time, you'll say, the Convent-Walls will seclude you from my Sight. — Oh then ! (*continued he, grasping her more closely*) let us prevent these cruel Friends, and put it past the Power of Fate itself to disunite us. — 'Tis *Hearts*, not *Hands*, which firm the Marriage-Tyes ; be mine, be mine, my Soul, *pursued he, redoubling his Attacks*, and let this happy Moment destroy all future Fears ; then shall I be enabled to wait with Patience some lucky Opportunity to make us as much One in the Eyes of the vulgar World, as we are now in the Sight of Heaven, and the Resolves of our own Souls.

WITH such like Discourses did he beguile her easy Faith; and melting down all the Scruples which Virgin Bashfulness had rais'd against him, was very near engrossing all that rapacious Love could urge him to attempt, when the careful Guardian of *Cloretta's* Honour, the Woman to whose Care she was entrusted, hearing she was gone out accompanied by *Bellardine*, pursued her Steps, and came just in the Moment that an Interruption was absolutely necessary to preserve her.

AFTER giving her a gentle Reproof, for having stray'd so far without acquainting her, she obliged her to go back with her; and the impatient Lover, cursing her in his Heart, follow'd, denoting only by his *Eyes* the Distraction which his *Tongue* durst not presume to utter; so great an Awe he knew this Governante maintain'd over the Object of his Passion.

HE hoped, however, to find a second Opportunity as favourable as the former, but he was deceived in his Conjecture, *Cloretta* was hereafter too strictly watched to admit the like Attempt; and in a short Time he saw her convey'd to the Monastery, without being able to think on any Thing which might appear feasible to obstruct her Departure.

DESIRE of possessing, however, still remaining strong within him, he resolv'd to leave no Means untry'd to make himself as happy as he wish'd; and remembering that he had heard that

Bars,

Bars, Locks, and Iron Grates, were weak Impediments to stop a Woman's Course, when led by head-strong Inclination, he did not yet despair, but that which he was sensible *Cloretta* was inspir'd with in his Favour, would furnish her with some Expedient to gratify their mutual Longings.

ACCORDINGLY he fail'd not every Day to pay his Devoirs to her at the Cloyster-Grate ; but being obliged to come always in Company with one or other of the Sisterhood, he had no Opportunity of conversing with her as he wish'd : He therefore prepared a Letter for her, which, when she turn'd the Wheel at the Bottom of the Grate, to give him Sweet-meats and Wine, according to the Custom of the Place, he put it into an empty Plate, and by that Means convey'd it safe to her Hands.

'Tis not to be doubted but that she received it with a Transport of Joy ; and as soon as she found herself alone, retired hastily to her Cell, and opening it, found it contain'd these Lines.

To the Charming CLORETTA.

I NEED not go about to inform you how much I am afflicted to find you in a Place which gives so little Encouragement to my Hopes ; I dare believe you so just to my Passion, as to know that nothing can be more terrible than what I suffer. — I flatter

myself also, that you wish me Ease, but if you contribute not to it, I am as miserable as ever.—— Were I in your Place, I am certain I should find some Means to break my Prison, and fly to you.

LOVE is ingenious in contriving, and diligent in searching Opportunities of proving itself sincere and ardent ; and if yours be such, as you have been so divinely kind to say it is, you will yet render all Endeavours to separate us in vain.—— I beg you will answer this ; but consider well before you write, if there be not a possibility of a nearer Interview, than that which this cruel Grate affords : Be but you consenting, and let the Task be ever so difficult, or dangerous, I shall with Joy attempt it ; counting nothing, which can threaten me, a Misfortune equal to that of being divided from my Soul's better Part, my for ever lov'd, for ever ador'd Cloretta.—— Farewell, my Angel, be punctual in writing, and believe me what I am,

Your eternally devoted Slave,

BELLARDINE.

SHE felt too great a Satisfaction in even this distant Conversation, not to long with the utmost Ardency for those more substantial Joys she had

so often heard were in the Power of Love to bestow ; and being debarr'd of those innocent ones she had experienc'd, such as Kisses and Embraces, nothing labour'd under more severe Impatiencies than did her tender and enamour'd Heart : She would have given the World, had she been Mistress of it, only for a Touch of his Hand, or to have felt the Pressure of his glowing Lips, which had so often diffused the most delightful Warmth thro' all her Veins.

THE want of those Transports to which of late she had been too fatally accustomed, made her seem not to *live*, but *linger*. — Full therefore of the most undoing Languishments, did she answer this Epistle in these Terms :

To the Agreeable BELLARDINE.

MY past Behaviour has enough convinc'd you of my Esteem for you ; and it would be needless to tell you, that next to your agreeable Presence, your Letter was the most welcome Thing which Heaven could bestow. — As little to the Purpose also would it be to say, if I could think of any Means which might make us happy in our mutual Desires, I would readily impart it ; my very confessing those Desires, sufficiently testifies how much I would do,

were it in my Power ; but, alas ! tho' I have put Invention to the utmost rack, it appears to me to be utterly impossible that we should ever be, as we have been, blest'd in each other's dear Society ; or even snatch one Moment of Delight from that long Eternity of lonely Solitude to which I am doom'd.—— But if there be a way to rob the cruel Sentence past upon me of any Part of its Force, 'tis thou must find it out : Thou, who hast Wit for all Things else, perhaps may'st invent some Expedient for this ; whatever it is, be certain of my Assistance.

YOU may write to me as frequently as you please, in the Manner you have begun ; and if you can think of any Thing for our mutual Satisfaction, let me know it.—— Continue to love me, and depend on the kindest Returns that are in the Power of,

My dear BELLARDINE,

Your faithfully Affectionate,

CLORETTA.

THIS she convey'd to him the next Time he came to the Grate, by the same Means she had receiv'd his ; and having with her at that Time, one of the most observing and severest of the whole Fraternity of Devotees, suffer'd not herself to hold any

any long Conversation with him, fearing it might awake Curiosity in her Companion to an Inspection into the Occasion of his frequent Visits, and prove of Prejudice to their future Designs.

SHE therefore withdrew hastily, after having given him the Letter, and he returned Home full of Expectations, that it contain'd some Scheme which might make him Master of his Wishes: but the Disappointment it gave him in the reading, took from him great Part of the Pleasure which the Kindness it contain'd, ought to have afforded him.

BUT there is so much of Self-love mingled with the Passion of most of those who call themselves Lovers, that they cannot brook the least Delay of their own Gratification with any Patience. Where a tender Friendship ennobles not the Flame, it tends only to the Destruction of the Object which inspires it, and is for leaping over all Impediments which would obstruct its way.—

BELLARDINE, 'tis true, lov'd the amiable *Cloretta*, but it was because her Beauties pleas'd him. A Prospect of that Delight the Enjoyment of them might afford, engag'd his Addressee, and kindled the most fierce Desires within him: But what Consideration in all this was there of her? — What Regard to her Interest, her Fame, or future Peace of Mind? Why, indeed as much as Men generally have of a Woman whom they aim to possess but as a Mistress.

THAT Passion, however, tho' by innumerable Degrees less honourable and sincere, than that which terminates in Marriage, is of that fervent and impatient Nature, that no Obstacles are of Force to obstruct its daring. *Bellardine* would have willingly run the Hazard of his Life for the Enjoyment of *Cloretta*, yet would have seen her perish rather than have become her Husband.

So vastly different in the Pursuit, as well as in the Consequences, is an honourable Passion from its contrary ; the one, tho' ardent, proceeds with Modesty and Fear ; a certain Terror of offending, checks its most aspiring Wishes ; and the Interest of the Object beloved, is still the first consider'd : The other, rapacious, untameable and wild, grows bold on every little Advantage, seizes the first Opportunity, and scarce waits the Charmer's yielding.

BELLARDINE no sooner found that he was lov'd by *Cloretta*, than he look'd upon her as his own, doubted not but that he should enjoy her, and the Disappointment of that Expectation made him suffer the same Pains, as those who love with a more noble Passion.

STILL burning with an unextinguish'd Flame, and unable to find Rest, all his Nights and Days, were, for a good while, taken up with Inventions to get within the Monastery ; but none appearing feasible, he was almost distracted, when an Accident happen'd to retrieve his Hopes, and seem'd to present him with the Means to compass, what his Wit and Cunning had so long sought in vain.

H E

HE was a great Lover of a Garden, and being one Day at a Person's, of whom he was custom'd to buy fine Plants and Trees, he saw some very curious ones, which, offering to purchase, the Gardener told him they were sold to the Monastery of the *Benedictines*, and that Evening were to be sent Home ; and, to confirm what he said, shew'd him a large Chest in which they were to be carry'd, in order to preserve the Air from coming to the Roots 'till they were set in Earth.

THE Sight of this Chest immediately put a Design into the Head of *Bellardine* : He left off talking any farther concerning the Trees, and taking the Gardener to an *Hermitage* hard by his House, began to discourse him on a quite different Head : Having sworn him to Secrecy, he related to him his Passion for *Cloretta*, the Return she had made him, confirming what he said, by producing the Letter, wherein she had permitted him to use any Means he could think of for a Meeting with her : Now, said he, if you will be my Friend in this Affair, there is nothing I will not do to requite the Obligation.

A Proposal of this Nature was extremely surprizing to the Person to whom it was made ; he could not have imagin'd that Love could prompt People to run such Hazards ; but the Quality of *Bellardine* preventing him from entertaining any Thoughts to the Prejudice of his Honour, he doubted not but his Designs were the same he represented them ; yet fearing to have any Hand in an Affair, which the Church-men punish with so much

much Severity, he wou'd have endeavour'd to have persuaded him to desist ; but the other assuring him, that his Passion was too violent to permit him to live without *Cloretta*, and protesting, in the most solemn Manner imaginable, that the Thing should never be known, or if by any Accident discover'd, he should not suffer, tho' his whole Estate should be mortgag'd to redeem him ; at last he brought him to consent to what he desir'd, and having gain'd him to his Party, proceeded to let him know what it was he required of him, in these Words :

WHEN, *said he*, you send the Chest of Plants to the Monastery, you shall intreat Permission to let another, which you must procure of the same Largeness, be set in their Garden 'till the next Day ; you may say it is full of some choice Flowers, which, being for a particular Customer, you are under an Engagement not to have seen by any other Person ; and that the Gentleman, for whom they are, living a good Distance off, you beg they may be secur'd there, 'till you can get a sufficient Number of Hands to carry so great a Weight. In this Chest will I be conceal'd, and left in the Monastery, having a Lock to it, which I can open on the Inside, and shut again, whenever I find Occasion for either : This is all, *continued he*, that I intreat of you, and which if you can procure effectually, the Favour shall turn so much to your Advantage, that you shall bless the Opportunity of conferring it. He concluded this Speech with putting a Purse of Gold into his Hand, as an Earnest of what he would hereafter do for him.

THE

THE poor Gardener, overcome by his Generosity and Persuasions, consented to every Thing he desired; and leaving him at the *Cabaret* while he went Home to order the Chest to be made ready, came back to him in a few Minutes, and told him what he had done: The Time appointed for the Execution of this Project was the same Evening, after which they parted; the Peasant return'd to his ordinary Occupations, and the Lover to his Apartment, to write a Letter to *Cloretta*, to prepare her to receive him; the Words of it were as follow:

To the Adorable CLORETTA.

AT length industrious Love has furnish'd me with the Means of throwing at your Feet the most impatient and most faithful of Mankind. — This Night, my Angel! do I hope to be blest'd in your dear Arms. — Oh! how could I dwell for ever on the Thought, and swell this Letter to a Volume of extatick Raptures! but Time will not permit, and I must quit the Theory, lest I neglect Things necessary to be done for acquiring the Substantial Bliss. —

YOU

YOU will this Evening see two Chests brought into the Cloyster-Gardens, one will contain some Ornaments for that Place, the other will be filled with Love and Bellardine. — Observe, therefore, in what Part of the House that which you will find lock'd is order'd to be set, and when Night and Silence gives you an Opportunity, walk that way, and feast with the full View of all your Charms, the long famish'd, and

Adoring,

BELLARDINE.

THE Moment he had finish'd this, he went to the Monastery to pay his Compliment as usual, where having given it to her, he staid not long, because the Hour approach'd for the Chests being deliver'd ; and repairing to the House of the Gardener, suffer'd himself to be lock'd into his wooden Concealment, and was immediately carried by the People, appointed for that Purpose, to the Nunnery.

LEAVE being ask'd for the Chest being left there till the next Morning, he was set down in his narrow Chamber in the Green-house at the upper-end of the Garden.

CLORETTA,

CLORETTA, according to the Information, watch'd the coming of the Chests, and seeing one open'd, and the Plants taken out of it, and the other set down, made no doubt but that the Contrivance had succeeded, and flatter'd herself with a thousand Ideas of approaching Bliss. Burning, therefore, with the utmost Impatience for the arrival of that Hour which should give her the Liberty of indulging her Inclinations, she thought every Moment of the Remains of the Day an Age: Wish'd-for Night at last came on, and with an infinity of Pleasure, she saw her holy Sisters retire to their several Cells, as she also did to hers, tho' not to sleep, but to prepare herself for Pleasures, which 'tis certain a great many of them were not unacquainted with, and which, 'tis probable, the chastest and most severe of their Profession at one Time in their Lives had languish'd for with equal Ardor as herself.

HAVING waited till she thought the whole Convent were fast asleep, she went softly through the Gallery, and meeting no Interruption, pass'd on to the Gate which led into the Garden, which she softly opening, went on embolden'd by Desire, thro' a long Walk of Jessamines to the Green-house, which also entering, she approach'd the dear Chest which contain'd the Treasure of her Soul. Finding it fast lock'd, she put her Mouth softly to it, and cried out, *Bellardine*, my dear *Bellardine*, come forth; *Cloretta*, the enamour'd *Cloretta*, has obey'd thy Summons. And then again, Thy own *Cloretta* waits to give thee all the Proofs of Tenderness thou can'st desire. —

THERE

THERE would have been but little need of these Adjurations to have brought him forth, had he been in a Condition to have obey'd her; but unfortunately for the Wishes of this expecting Pair, the Gardener had, by Mistake, double-lock'd the Chest, so that the Spring on the Inside was of no Service to the imprison'd Lover: He beat against his wooden Walls with such a Force, that had they not been more than ordinarily strong, he had burst through them; but all his Endeavours being vain, he was ready to dash out his own Brains for very Vexation. All Attempts, however, being fruitless, he said as many obliging Things to the astonish'd Fair, as the Rage he was in would give him Leave to do; but nothing can be more strange than that the Closeness of the Place, join'd to his own inward Chagrin, did not suffocate him. *Cloretta*, who by himself had been inform'd of what happen'd, did all she could to comfort her Lover under so sad a Perplexity, and staid by the Chest till the Bell rung for *Matins*, at which Time she was obliged to appear. The Morning's Dawn soon after gilding the Hemisphere, and rendering all Objects discoverable, she durst not repair any more to the Green-house, but pass'd her Time in her Cell for some Hours, in a Discontent which may more easily be imagin'd than express'd; and the next Day had the Torment to see from a distant Window, the dear Chest carried away, now out of all hope of ever seeing the Treasure it contain'd again, but at the Grate.

THE Truth is, what he had suffer'd this Night in so uneasy a Situation, had pretty well mortified
Desire

Desire within him, and he almost swore to himself, that he would give over all Attempts of this Kind for ever. As soon as he was carried back to the Gardener's House, that poor Man, who little thought what he had done, dismiss'd the Men who brought him, that none should see what was the Burden of the Chest ; but when he had unlock'd it, 'tis easy to believe how much he was confounded, that instead of the Thanks he expected, the other fell upon him with the most outrageous Words ; and had not contented himself with venting his Indignation in that Manner, if the affrighted Peasant had not escaped it by Flight.

SOME few Days after, however, when they happen'd to meet, Reflection by that Time having inform'd *Bellardine* that what he had done was but by Mistake, he spok^e to him in Terms very different from those with which he last had left him ; and the other, who 'till now was wholly ignorant of the Misfortune his Mistake had occasion'd, had Liberty of enquiring into the Particulars of it ; which he no sooner learn'd, than he ceas'd to wonder at the Rage *Bellardine* had been in.

SUCH a Disappointment, indeed, *said he*, might have excus'd worse Effects than it produced in you. And then offer'd to do any Thing he should propose for making Reparation for the Vexation he had occasion'd. This brought the Lover into a perfect good Humour again ; but as he could not think of any second Stratagem to compass his Designs, it only serv'd to give him the Satisfaction of knowing, that if ever he did, he
had

had a Friend who would scruple nothing to serve him, and to retrieve his former Error. I should rejoice, Sir, *said he to Bellardine*, to do any Thing which might convince you, it was merely Ill-luck, and not Intention that occasion'd your Disappointment. —

TIME was, *continued he, bursting into Tears*, I had the Power : I had a Brother of the Order of *St. Francis*, and if he had been living, I know he would have carried a Letter for you, and perhaps in the next general Visitation of the Monasteries, have contrived some way for you to have got Admittance among the Crowd which assists at that Ceremony. —

BUT, poor Man, he is dead ; never was there a sweeter-temper'd Creature born, he would have run through Fire and Water to have serv'd his Friend. —

THERE hangs his Coult, Gown, and the rest of his Habiliments, *cry'd he, pointing to one Corner of the Room*, I must remove them where they will be less in my Sight ; for they remind me too much of the Loss I have in such a Brother ; so kind, so loving, and so charitable, I as good as lost my All when I lost him.

HE was running on in a farther Detail of the good Qualities of this deceased Fryar, when *Bellardine*, who that Moment conceiv'd the Embrio of a Design in his Head, which wanted but a little Time to make perfect, interrupted the Expressions of his Love and Grief, by asking what it

was

was he meant by a general Visitation of the Monasteries ; which the other answer'd in these Terms :

YOU must know, Sir, *said he*, that about this Time of Year, I think it wants not above a Week of the Day, a certain Number of Fryars, with the *Abbot of Verrain* at their Head, pass through all the Convents of this City, examining the *Nuns*, instructing them in those Parts of their Duty, in which they shall be found deficient, and exhorting them to Acts of Virtue.

THIS must take up a great deal of Time, *said Bellardine*. The Procession through the five *Nunneries*, *said the Gardener*, continues about three Days, to the best of my Remembrance. And does the *Abbot of Verrain*, *resum'd he*, select the *Fryars*, who attend him, from several Places, or are they from one Convent ? From several, *reply'd the other*, there are almost of all Countries who accompany him, provided they are old, and have the Reputation of pious and learned Men.

THE Lover could now no longer contain the Design he had been forming, but demanded of the Gardener if he did not think, that by the Help of a false Beard and that Dress, which first made him think of such a Thing, he might not be admitted among the Number of these Visitors.

AH, Sir ! *reply'd he*, if my Brother was living, I know nothing more easy to have been accomplish'd ; but, alas ! I am little capable of giving you Advice how to proceed in such an Affair.

Bellardine

Bellardine told him, he expected it not from him, and believ'd he should be able to manage it well enough himself, if he would lend him the Habit which had been his Brother's ; which he willingly consenting to, *Desire*, once more enliven'd by *Hope*, made him think no Hazard too great for the Possession of *Cloretta* : And making it his Business to inform himself more fully of the Behaviour of the *Fryars* in this Solemnity, found nothing in it, but what he imagin'd he should counterfeit so well, as not to be suspected.

THE wish'd-for Day at last arrived ; he went to the Gardener's House, and having equipt himself in the Habiliments of the dead *Fryar*, follow'd the Procession at a Distance, till being come to a Place where the Crowd was gathered pretty thick about them, he had an Opportunity of mingling with the Reverend Bald-pates ; and walking with the same Devotion in his Looks, and perhaps too in his Heart as some of them, could not be distinguish'd from any other than what he appear'd.

THE first Visit which this sanctified Tribe made, was to the Convent of the *Augustines* ; and contriving to be one of the last that march'd, had the Means of learning his Part by the Observation of what they did who went before him.—— And as among this numerous Assembly of Religious Visitants, there were not more than four or five, beside the *Abbot*, who took on them the Liberty of examining, it caus'd no Suspicion that he was mute. He behav'd himself so well in the Visit of this Convent, that he pass'd on with all Security to the next, which happen'd to be that of the

the *Benedictines*, where his beloved *Cloretta* was inclos'd.

As those on the Year of Probation are first discours'd, this Charmer of the Soul of *Bellardine* was immediately presented to the Reverend Fathers; and it gave no small Pleasure to him to observe with how becoming a Modesty, yet wise Reserve, she answer'd all the Questions put to her. Believing her to be enough strengthen'd for the pious Work she had undertaken, they staid but a small Time in her Cell; and *Bellardine*, who, as I said before, had plac'd himself in the last Rank, found now the Advantage of it; for seeing his holy Companions go out one by one, he found himself, according to his Expectations, left alone with the dear Idol of his present Affections: He no sooner perceiv'd the happy Moment, than with one Hand making fast the Door of the Cell, and with the other plucking off his false Beard, he let *Cloretta* see the Visitor she had entertain'd, and the Dangers he had incurr'd in seeing her in that Manner; it being Death in that Country for any of the *Laitie*, on any Pretence whatever, to assume the Habit of the *Clergy*; especially in a Case so really profane, and so punishable by the Laws of Heaven and Earth.

THE Terror she conceiv'd at it, allay'd great Part of the Joy his dear-lov'd Presence brought; but, by a thousand soft Endearments, he soon brought her to a Forgetfulness of all Considerations, but such as serv'd to heighten their mutual Raptures. —

IN fine, the Surprize of seeing him ; the little Regard he shew'd of every Thing in Competition with Love ; the Fears how unlikely it would be for her ever to gratify her Inclinations, if she deny'd him now ; every Thing conspir'd to render her pliant to his Wish ; and sav'd him ten thousand Formalities of Vows and Oaths, and tender Preparations, which he must at another Time, for Decency's sake, have been oblig'd to make ; and brought her unresisting, and half meeting his Embraces. Fierce was the Transport, which on both Sides was given and receiv'd ; and, hasty as the Joy was snatch'd, never Man had a more perfect Enjoyment than this successful Youth.

CLORETTA repin'd not at the Condescensions she had made, but thought the Loss of Honour enough repaid in the Proofs he gave her of his Love ; she made him swear, however, that he would be no less industrious in seeking the Means to free her from that Restraint, than he had been to find those of enjoying her ; and that, as soon as she was in a Condition, he wou'd make her his, by such Ways as were justifiable to the World.—

I have yielded, *said she*, my dearest *Bellardine*, to testify, that there is nothing I can refuse to a Love, which I believe so sincere as yours : Neglect nothing therefore, I beseech you, which may demonstrate my Passion is not greater than your Honour. And because the Infinity of my Affection oblig'd me to be your *Mistress*, let the Justice of yours engage you to make me your *Wife*.

IT is not to be doubted, but that he readily vow'd to do all she requir'd; and, indeed, well might he do so, having it so much in his power to evade it, without being known to be guilty of the breach of Promise; the Confinement she was in but seldom permitting a possibility of a Release.

YET, blinded by her own Desires, and his Endearments, she reflected not on the Difficulties which oppos'd the Happiness she wish'd; and depending entirely on his Love and Ingenuity, imagin'd she should soon exchange her Cell for the Palace of *Bellardine*. He omitted nothing which might strengthen her in this Expectation, and make her give her a greater Loose to present Rapture.

THERE were so large a Number of fair Devotees in this Monastery, that it was some Hours before the *Abbat* and his holy Companions had finish'd their charitable Visitation, of which these happy Lovers lost not a Moment; nor pall'd the Bliss of *meeting*, by the Thoughts that there was a necessity they must *part*, till they heard the whole Assembly of *Reverendissimo's* pass through the Gallery; at which time *Cloretta* was oblig'd to open the Door of her Cell, to make her Obedience to these ghostly Fathers; and *Bellardine* standing close mingled with them, unperceiv'd to have been missing, not having an Opportunity of taking any farther adieu of his dear Mistress than with his Eyes, which, turning back his Head, he did with the most tender and expressive Look imaginable.

C

H A V I N G

HAVING thus compleated the Business which had occasion'd his turning *Fryar*, he thought it needless to proceed with them in their ensuing Visits; but watching his Opportunity, slipt from them, in the same manner as he had join'd them, and hasten'd to the Gardener, where he shifted his Habit, and recompenc'd, with a very handsome Present, the Person who own'd it; and return'd home as full of Satisfaction, as the Possession of his Desires could make him,

GRATITUDE, Complaisance, and Good-Nature, reminding him, that he having obtain'd his Wishes ought not to make him slacken in his Devoirs; he went the next Day to the Grate, and returning her Compliment of Sweetmeats, with which she entertain'd him, with a Letter, writ in the most tender and endearing Terms that Wit could form, put a stop to the Progress of any repenting Thoughts for what had past between them, and melted her all into soft Desires and Languishments to renew the guilty Joy.

SHE answer'd him in a manner, which let him know it the succeeding Day; and gave some little shock to his Temper, when he consider'd the Height of her Affection, and how very wretched she must be, when she should come to know, that to be ruin'd was all she was to experience of the Joys of Love.

THEY continu'd writing to each other for some Weeks, however, without any Suspicion on the one

one side, or the least Hint toward an Eclaircissement of the Truth on the other.

BUT tho' this Deception was carry'd on for a considerable Time, and the believing *Gloretta* remain'd in a happy Ignorance of the real Misery of her Condition; yet was there a necessity the Secret must be at last betray'd.

FROM faintly mentioning a Desire of delivering her from the Convent, he soon gave over speaking of it at all; and from Writing to her every Day, as he had been accusom'd, she receiv'd not more than one in a Week; his Visits also grew scarce, and every time shorter, and his Behaviour less tender: So difficult is it for Man, skill'd as they are in the betraying Art, even to dissemble Love, when once they have gain'd a Gratification of that Passion.

CLORETTA, blinded as she was by her good Opinion of his Honour, and that natural tendency which all People have of indulging that Belief which is most pleasing to their Wishes, could not help perceiving a Decay of those Ardors he had formerly express'd; and having no Opportunity to communicate her Sentiments to him on that head at the Grate, by reason there was always some one or other with her; having receiv'd no Letter from him in fourteen Days, nor seen him more than once in all that time, she wrote to him in this manner.

To the Ungrateful BELLARDINE.

I*F the Motive ceasing, makes you forgetful of the Effects, I have too sad a Reason for ever to remember the Vows by which I am undone. My Shame, if not my Love, would be a lasting Monitor of our Contract ; and sure you cannot be either so cruel, or so base, as to deny the performance of it, when you so well know, that on no other Terms I granted what you ask'd.*

YET are you now grown silent as the unfriending Stars ; remiss in all Endeavours to free me from this Place ; and seem as tho' you ne'r had promis'd, nor I expected this Testimony of your Honour and Tendernefs.

I am distracted when I reflect on what I have done, and the little regard you now demonstrate to have for me. — When in pursuit of my unspotted Innocence, how industrious were you to find an Opportunity to ruin me ; A thousand Contrivances were form'd, a Thousand Stratagems invented ; no Pains were then too much, no Dangers, no Difficulties consider'd.

BUT

BUT now, *Oh* Bellardine, how vast the Change !
and how terrible, how shocking to a Wretch, whose
All depends upon it ! ---- *Oh !* think how much beyond
the reach of Words must be the distraction of my State
if you are false ! and tho' Deaf to all other Remon-
strances, even the Pity incident to Humanity will
compel you to be just.

ANSWER this, I conjure you, with all possible
speed ; let me not linger in Uncertainty, but Kill at
once, or Cure the wounded Mind of

Your Faithful

CLORETTA.

SHE was some Days after she had prepared this
Epistle, without an opportunity of giving it to him ;
but at length he came, and she deliver'd it the usual
way.

HE doubted not, but that it was fill'd with Com-
plaints which he was sensible he deserved ; and was
therefore in no great haste to open it : But when her
withdrawing from the Grate reminded him, that his
Absence would at that time be more obliging than
his Stay, he retir'd, and finding the Purport of the
Letter

Letter much such as he had represented to himself, was not a little puzzled to chuse Words which might any way alleviate his Guilt, or her Chagrin.

NOTHING could be more distant from his Intention, or Inclination, than to perform those Vows which the Heat of Passion had made him form: yet he was loth to be thought so Criminal as he was in reality; and therefore made it his endeavour, in Terms such as these, to bring her to an Opinion, that it was no more to her ill Fortune, and his want of Power, than Desire, that she owed the Causes of her Grief.

To the Lovely CLORETTA.

UNJUSTLY, O! most lovely of your Sex, do you reproach the faithful, but unhappy Bellardine; and little do you know the force of your own Charms, when you believe the Man, who in the possession of them has been blest'd to that immense degree, can think of any thing but the Means to re-enjoy them.

O H! were you but half so sensible as you ought of your own Power, or my unabated Passion, you would not thus condemn, but pity the Wretch who burns in hopeless Fires, languishes, and almost Dies with smother'd Anguish.

DID

DID you but know what passes in this tortur'd Breast of mine, your tender Nature would make you even wish I lov'd you less, and with more Moderation could endure this dreadful Distance. — Is not my very Soul torn with the most convulsive Agonies when I see you? Yet, at the same Time, have every other Sense debarr'd its Satisfaction, by that cruel Grate. — Say, my Charmer, did ever fond Adorer suffer a Trial more severe? The Poets Fable of Tantalus, infinitely short of what I feel, nor can Imagination reach it.

BE Witness for me Heaven, and every Saint which I have in vain implor'd, how many Stratagem this restless Brain has still projected, to free my dear Cloretta, or bring me to her, through all the Dangers that Malice could invent, or Law threaten, would I seek the Arms of my Adorable; but Oh! there yet appears no Means to bless my Hopes, and prove the unchangeable Affection of my for ever adoring Heart. By what then must I be clear'd?

PROBABILITIES are against me, and I must not chide you, that you think me base, till I can give some nobler Demonstration than Words, to testify I am the Contrary.

SUSPEND, however, your Judgment for a time, I still live in the hope that one Day I shall be able to prove myself,

My for ever lov'd *CLORETTA's*

Most faithfully

Devoted

BELLARDINE.

HE thought the tender Expressions of this Letter would settle some little Tranquility in her Soul, and that since he could do no more, she deserv'd to be made as easy as possible under her Misfortunes; besides, what is Good-Nature did not oblige him to, a contrary Motive did.

HE was not unacquainted with the Disposition of Woman-kind in general; he knew they were easily flatter'd, but if publickly ill-treated, little regarded to what extreams they had recourse for Revenge. he therefore imagin'd a little Dissimulation necessary, as well for his own Reputation, which her Complaints might else have called in question, as the Repose of a Woman who he had once lov'd, and had never given him cause to hate; and to that end constrain'd his Temper to Expressions of a Tenderness, which, in reality, he no longer felt.

HE

HE had no sooner finish'd this Letter, and consider'd on the Effect it might reasonably be expected to produce, than he went to the Monastery, where seeing *Cloretta* as usual, he deliver'd it to her in the manner before mention'd.

IT would be needless almost, since few there are who have not, some time or other, felt the Force of that seducing Passion with which *Cloretta* was inspir'd, to repeat in what manner this well-dissembled Tenderneſs wrought on her believing Soul; it is enough to say, she lov'd, and wish'd her Lover's Truth, to make any one know she believ'd all that he said was so, and was again happy in Imagination for a considerable time, still every day feeding vain Hope with the expectation that the ensuing one would see her out of the Cloyſter, and in the Arms of her dear *Bellardine*.

FOR some Weeks longer thus did she support herself; but, alas! these Day-Dreams will at last subſide, and solid Reason show the delusive Joy with which the Lover is beguiled. There must be *Deeds* as well as *Words*, which can keep Hope for ever warm.

A vain Expectance will in time grow weary; she began at last to consider, that if he had made any Efforts in good earnest to free her from the Monastery, they either must have been effectual, or she should have heard by what means they had been frustrated; and had too great a share of good Understanding, when unobſcur'd by Passion, not to see she had been impos'd on.

THIS

THIS Perception was at first succeeded by a Rage of Temper; but that being fruitless, the Man who had so cruelly injur'd her, being wholly out of the Power of her Revenge, she fell into a Melancholy which was like to have been fatal to her. Bodily Physicians, as well as Spiritual ones, were sent for to attend her; and her Youth, and the Strength of her Constitution enabling her to get over all that threaten'd her immediate Death; the latter were intreated to exert their utmost Skill for expelling every worldly Care which hung upon her Mind, and seem'd to render her unfit for the Society to which the time now drew near for her being initiated for Life.

AMONG the number of those reverend Guides, appointed to direct her in the Way to Peace, was a young Fryar called *Mellaphont*; he was handsome, well-made, and of an eminent Extraction, had the most polite Education imaginable; but on some Family-Disgust, between an elder Brother and himself, had embraced the Order of St. *Francis*, and renounced the World. For some time, 'tis possible, he design'd the Performance of his Vow; but how little is Youth capable of judging for it self! That Injunction of Celibacy was no way agreeable to his Constitution, tho' it might to the Humour he was in when he yielded to submit to it.

HE no sooner beheld the Beauties of *Cloretta*, than he forgot his Function; began not only to look on her with the Eyes of a Lover, but also to talk to her as such, and seem'd to imagine himself not in a *Gloyster*, but a *Court*.

AT first she seem'd alarm'd at his Proceedings; but as she listen'd to his Discourse, Astonishment, by degrees abated, and that Pleasure, which 'tis natural for Women to feel, at finding themselves belov'd by an agreeable Object, took birth within her Soul.

THIS little Vanity amusing her, took off, in some measure, the poinancy of her late Discontent; and his continued Assiduities brought her in time, to relish his Addresses.

THE delight she took to hear herself prais'd, forc'd her at last to like the Praiser; and the remembrance of *Bellardine*, his Vows, his seeming Tenderness, and real Ingratitude, all grew faint: And when, against her will, any thing relating to him came cross her Thoughts, it left no more Impression there, than such as Dreams do on the waking Mind. Well vers'd in every Art of his betraying Sex, he soon perceiv'd the Advantages he had gain'd; and instead of using those Endeavours to which the Name of the Priest should have obliged him, to prepare her for the Vow she was about to take of an eternal Chastity, made use of every Argument which Wit and Love could raise, to persuade her there was no Sin in following the Laws of Nature, render'd it to her deceiv'd Imagination plain, that those Edicts which prescribed the contrary, were no more than the Decrees of *Man*, and invented only to keep those in Awe, who had not Capacity to distinguish better; and that the Vow imposed on the Persons who are compell'd to enter into a monastick Life, had nothing in it binding, because it was inforc'd;

enforc'd; and if, strictly speaking, it were in some degree a Crime, it was a Venial one, which Heaven both wink'd at and forgave.

THE little oppositions she made to these sort of Reasonings, made him see the Pleasure it would be to her to be thoroughly convinc'd; and being Master of the most elegant manner of delivering what he said, and all he urg'd, forwarded by a too powerful Inclination in her to believe the charming Fryar, accomplish'd his Intent, and the second-time ensnar'd *Claretta* confess'd herself overcome.

BEING alone with her, as it is not to be doubted but he was, when he entertain'd her with such Discourses, he no sooner found that she had no more to say in the defence of Virtue, than throwing himself on his knees, and gently pressing her but half-reluctant Hand. Why, then, my Angel, cry'd he, do you refuse the adoring *Mellaphont*, a Blessing, which you seem to acknowledge you no longer believe it would be a Crime to yield? — If my Unworthiness deprives me of your Love, Oh! tell me by which way I may attain those Merits necessary to become less so.

BE assured there is nothing on this side Death I would not gladly combat to hear your heavenly Tongue pronounce this soft Confession: Now, *Mellaphont*, you have deserv'd my Love.

OH! (replied she, interrupting him with a certain Hesitation in her Speech, which testified a hurry of the Spirits that was not at all displeasing to him) you are

are worthy of every thing you can require : But do not, I conjure you, press me to Grants which I shall hereafter have reason to repent. — Oh ! never, *rejoin'd he*, never shall you have cause to repent the Condescensions you make the faithful *Mellaphont*.

To my Life's end will I adore and bless the Bounty of that rewarding Love, which from the most wretched, raises me to the most envied State that ever mortal Man arrived at.

THUS, (*continued he, raising himself from that humble Posture he had been in, and laying his Head upon her Bosom, at the same time that his unresisted Hands clasp'd fast her yielding Body*) thus would I for ever dwell upon thy Beauties, — thus grow to thy Embraces ; and when by cruel Forms our Bodies are compell'd to separate, my *Soul* should still keep Company with thine ; make bless'd thy Dreams, and peaceful all thy waking Moments.

THUS, by degrees, did he proceed, and Love, his Friend, rendring the Nymph defenceless, soon got possession of the supremest Joy that Beauty can afford, or longing Youth intreat.

THE opportunity his Function gave him of Access, made him repeat the guilty Rapture as frequently as they pleas'd ; and the charm'd *Cloretta* had now the satisfaction to have found a Lover whose Desires Possession could not cloy, as well as the vigorous Fryar to be secure of a Mistress, whose Perfections might vie with any of her Sex.

THE danger there was of prosecuting an amorous Suit elsewhere, obliged his Constancy, as Inclination,

clination, Gratitude, and want of Opportunity all hers; and neither of them knowing how to make themselves more happy by Change, persevered in Fidelity to each other which is unknown by the Lovers of the *Beau Monde*. The Time for her Probation being expired, *Cloretta* took the Vail without the least repugnance, as knowing it would be no exclusion to the Visits of her lovely Fryar; and he assisted at the Ceremony, pleased to think he had by this means secur'd to himself the possession of one of the most beautiful Women in the World.

IT is now some Months since she was profess'd, yet do their mutual Ardors seem unbated; how long it will continue so, is known only to those Stars which presid'd at their Nativity; but, according to the common Calculation, and as we may judge, not only by *Bellardine*, but by a general Observation of Mankind, the Fervency will first decay on that side on which in justice, as being the Inspirer of it, it ought longest to continue; and also, as that Sex boast a Superiority of Judgment, and Immutability of Mind above the other: But how little reason there is for that Assertion, too many believing and deceived Women know.

HAPPY are they, who by never Trusting, never have been Betray'd; and chuse rather to give credit to the Reports of others, than by sad Experience, are convinced of a Truth so fatal.

THE Spirit, of *Almajue*, talkative and censorious as herself had been, had, perhaps continued her Harrangue much longer, if the Dawn of Day, hateful to those aerial Beings, had not compell'd her to leave

leave the remainder of what she had to say, 'till
the return of Night; and with the rest of the pale
shadowy Tribe, repair to the Mansions decreed
them by the never-erring Sentence of the immortal
Gods.

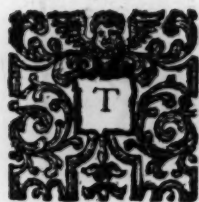
The End of the First Night.



P A R T.



PART II.



THE living *Prude*, extremely pleas'd with the Entertainment of the foregoing Night, retir'd to Bed more early than was her custom, in hope the same pleasing Vision would return: Nor were her Expectations disappointed; for, no sooner had Sleep seized upon her mortal Part, and left the Spirit free from those Conversations which waking Sense denies, but the obliging *Almajue* appear'd before the Eyes of Fancy, and in a soft, still, but most intelligible Voice, presented her with the following Narration.

The



The HISTORY of VILLARET,
and the Amiable CHARLOTTA.

THE Count *De Sumes*, a Man of high Extraction, but small Fortune, being the Father of a numerous Offspring, and himself and Lady now pretty well advanced in Years, expecting no more, had strained his Circumstances to the extreamest Pitch, to dispose of those dear Pledges of conjugal Affection in a Manner befitting their Birth. But contrary to all Imagination, his Lady again grew great with Child, and in due time was deliver'd of a Daughter ; who, as she grew up, discover'd such Perfections both of Mind and Body, as render'd her not only superior to all her Sisters, but to most of her Sex.

THE tender Father, who had done too much for those who had the Start of her in Birth, to be able to do for her what he wish'd, and she seem'd so greatly to deserve, never look'd on her but with Tears. — Those Charms, which to have beheld in one of his own Race, would have formerly given

given him the highest Pleasure, now proved the extremeest Torment, when he consider'd how incapable he was of illustrating, or even defending them from those Temptations to which indigent Beauty is too frequently reduced.

MANY melancholy Consultations had he with his Lady, by what Means they should avert the Danger they so much dreaded; and it was at last resolv'd that the only certain one would be to put her into a Monastery, where she would be secure from all those Evils to which unguided Youth is liable in the ensnaring World.

THIS was no sooner agreed upon, than *Charlotte* was made acquainted with it; who had been too much practis'd in Obedience, to refuse any thing those who had the disposal of her should think best for her. She consented to the Proposal, but with an inward Reluctance, which no Tongue is able to describe. She was now just fourteen, an Age when Persons of her Sex are beginning to receive the Admiration of the other, and relish the Gaieties of Life. To be deprived for ever of the fine things which now were said to her.

No more to see a Train of Noble Youths follow with dying Eyes her Steps, and watch incessantly her every Motion — To be excluded from the Pleasures of a suitable Conversation, and confined to cold Reserve, and an eternal Austerity. — Instead of having her Slumbers agreeably interrupted by nightly Serenades, and her morning Waking saluted with amorous Billets, and Praises of her Beauty; the first broke by the melancholy Bell which calls to *Matins*, and the other accosted with a

grave Abbess, or wrinkled Confessor, who demands an account even of her Dreams, and take the privilege to lay Injunctions even on Thought.

To exchange the glittering Ornaments which now set off her Charms, for dismal Black ; and her downey Bed, for a coarse Mattress, and rough hempen Sheets : All these, I say, were terrible Considerations for a young Lady of her Delicacy, and Taste of those Delights the World affords : and she anticipated the Misfortune of that Condition into which she was about to enter, by the Idea she form'd of it to herself. She was too artless to conceal her Grievs, her Parents saw it with an unexpressible Concern, and endeavour'd by all the Arguments they could invent to moderate them, but it was in vain.

THEY represented to her, the Ease of a Monastick Life ; how free she would be from all the Cares and Perplexities, as well as from the Dangers of the World. She could not be brought to adhere to any of the Reasons they alledg'd : And tho' she offer'd nothing in opposition to what they said, yet it was easy for them to perceive she was very little affected with it ; and that it was only, because there was no Remedy, that she submitted to their Desires.

AND this discovery help'd to hasten them in fixing her in a Place, where her unwillingness to enter made them fearful that she should take Courses to avoid it ; the dread of which had first made them take this Resolution.

THE Cloyster of the *Benedictines* was that on which they pitch'd for her Retirement ; and having made

made a Visit to the Abbess, and treated with her Terms for her reception ; they went a second time and taking this unhappy Beauty with them, under the Pretence of seeing the Monastery, and becoming acquainted with those Ladies with whom she must hereafter spend her Days, left her with them as full now of Surprise at the suddenness of her Fate as she had before been grieved at the knowledge that some time or other she was destin'd to it.

SHE look'd on this Effect of their Care as the extremest Cruelty ——— No longer dissembled her Aversion she had to such a Life ——— Nor restrained the Exclamations of her Discontent, at having been compell'd to enter into it.

THE whole Sisterhood, by consolatory Discourses and Advice, endeavour'd, but in vain, to bring her to a state of greater Resignation ; and the good Abbess, to mitigate the Severity of her Confinement, proffer'd her the liberty of the Grate for the whole Day ; a favour allow'd to the rest but sparingly, and that too at particular Hours. But all these Condescensions were unavailing ; the little Liberties permitted her, serv'd but to make the want of those she was forbid, more terrible to be borne.

IF it was dreadful to her to converse but through this Iron Impediment, how much more dreadful was the Reflection, that hereafter, perhaps, when she had taken the Vail, it would be deny'd her to converse with them at all.

IN fine, finding nothing in such a State agreeable to her Inclinations, and bending her whole Thoughts

Thoughts on making her escape, the less she saw a possibility of it, the more her Grievs increased, till they arrived at last to a pitch very near driving her to Distraction.

THE good Abbess perceiving her Indulgencies of no Effect, desired Father *Jehan*, her Confessor, to interpose his ghostly Authority, for restoring her Mind to that Tranquility which was necessary for her to have, before she could be initiated among that holy Fellowship of Devotees. She requested of him to spare no Time, nor Arguments to bring about this Work; and he promis'd to omit nothing which might be conducive to it.

HE had indeed a Design in his Head, which rendered him more assiduous than she imagin'd: Among the number of those who had entertain'd the beautiful *Charlotta* at the Grate, was young *Villaret*, only Son of the Marquis of that Name.

FATHER *Jehan* had been for some Years the spiritual Guide of this Chevalier, who was, without all question, one of the most accomplish'd Men of the Age. — As it is look'd on among those of the *Romish* Persuasion, a Crime almost as bad as Sacrilege, to conceal the least Desires which tend to Sin, from the knowledge of their Confessors, *Villaret* had acknowledg'd the most impatient Longings for the Possession of that lovely Devotee; and the pretended Holy Man, promising himself a vast deal of Advantage, by soothing the Vices of his wealthy Charge, absolved him at the expence of a small Penance; and finding that he still continued the same Inclinations, affected a kind of Pity for his Misfortune;

Misfortune; and at last told him, he should think it a less Crime to assist him in the obtaining his Disasters, than to suffer him to remain in them.

IF you could once enjoy this sweet Girl, *for the old Hypocrite*, your Mind would doubtless be at Peace, and there might be some hope of your turning to Virtue; which 'tis impossible you can do while you carry about you such unquenchable Fires.

THE young Enamorato was ready to fall at his Feet to thank him for so unexpected an Indulgence; but the other would not suffer him: Make me the Retributions, *cry'd he*, when I have made you happy; depend upon it I will do it if I can, but you must not be impatient.

THERE are many obstacles in your way to Bliss; they are not to be overcome in a moment; but I will do my best to serve you.

VILLARET, forc'd him, however, to accept of a Purse of Guineas, as a Testimony of his Gratitude; and assur'd him, that if by his means he compass'd his Intent, there was nothing in his Power that he would omit to serve him.

HE might, indeed, have spared that Protestation; the other was before fully convinced of his Liberality, or he had not made an offer of serving him in an Affair, which if discover'd, might be of the most fatal Consequence to himself.

HE did not, however, immediately go about the performance of his Promise ; the extraordinary Discontent which appeared in *Charlotta*, since her coming into the Monastery, had made him half afraid that *Villaret* had a Rival, for whose sake she was so uneasy at being excluded from the World ; and if that Conjecture were real, he doubted it would be of little purpose to talk to her of another. He therefore resolved to be satisfied in this Point before he declared himself ; and the Charge the Abbess had laid on him, now giving him an opportunity, by long Conversation, to fathom her most secret Thoughts he made use of it in this manner.

I am afraid, *said he to her*, that having join'd with the rest in endeavouring to persuade you to embrace that Life with pleasure which you are ordain'd to, has made you look on me as your Enemy, and taken from you great part of that Regard which is the due of my Function.—Your Confessions to me are reserv'd and limited ; and much I fear there is some more powerful Motive than what you make a show of, which makes you so unwilling to become a Nun.

SAY, my fair Daughter, are you not in Love ? Has not the Charms of some prevailing Youth rival'd Heaven in your Esteem, and chain'd your Inclinations down to the things of this World ? No, I assure you, Father, *answer'd she*, my Heart is yet entirely free ; nor have I, in my Confessions to you, conceal'd any part of my Grievs, or my Desires.

I never can be brought, indeed, to like this Life ; there is something methinks, so cruel, in being compelled

pell'd at my Age, to renounce all the Pleasures which others of my Sex and Acquaintance indulg'd in; that I look on the Power which flirts it on me, as Tyrannical, and deprives of all that Tenderness I ought to feel for the who gave me Being.

HAVE you then, again demanded the Favour among so many Admirers, as your Youth Beauty must have attracted, not one whom favour more than the rest? Have you look'd the Eyes of Indifference on all? Yes, I pro-
said she, on all Mankind, till my Entrance here and I cannot deny but that since my coming the Monastery, I have been entertained at Grate, by a Gentleman with whom I could pleased to have a nearer Conversation.

THE *Fryar*, who was between Hope and despair at these Words, hastily entreated to know Name. 'Tis *Villaret*, *reply'd she*, and if you ever seen him, must acknowledge he is well worthy of the Difference I pay him.

THE Fears of this Right Reverend Intercessor were now converted into a Transport which was unable to contain. — Then you are the happiest of your Sex, *cry'd he*, and I to the Maid, myself most fortunate, in having it in my Power to bless the Love of such a faithful Pair. — *Villaret* adores you with such a Fervency of Affection, that he lives but in the Promise I have made of bringing him to a nearer View of your Charms, than what that cruel Grate affords.

little possible to describe the Joy which *Charlotte* felt at this discovery; but by the violence of her Discontent at the Fears of being made a Nun, one may judge of the Pleasure it gave her, to think there was a Means of disappointing that design.

SHE was too innocent to imagine there was any other Effect of Love than Marriage; and doubted not, since she was told he had an Affection for her, if he would make her his Wife, yet willing to hear the pleasing Confirmation, — But will he take me from the Monastery, cry'd *she*, and make me his Wife? He will do every Thing, return'd the Fryar, that thou canst wish, my lovely Daughter, as in a Day or two, at farthest, thou shalt be fully convinc'd. They had some farther Discourse on the same Subject; after which he took his Leave, and went to acquaint *Villaret* with the Progress he had made in his Designs.

THOSE who have known what it is to Love, will easily guess the Joy he felt, at finding himself so much approved by the Mistress of his Affections: He embraced Father *Jehan* with all the Ardency of the sincerest Friendship and Gratitude, and was almost wild with the ungovernable Transport, when he told him, that in a very short Time he should have as full a Possession of that lovely Maid, as his most impatient Wishes could desire.

NOR did he promise more than he intended to perform, and had already contrived the Means of accomplishing. He provided a Habit, Coult, and Beads, such as are used by the Fryars of the *Franciscan* Order, of which himself was one; and having done the Office of a *Valet de Chambre*, in e-

D

quip-

quipping the young Lover in such a Manner, he might not be suspected for any other than what he seemed.

HE wrote a Letter to the Abbess, which was no Room to imagine would not be a sufficient Passport for his Entrance into the Monastery the Contents of it were these :

*To the Pious HENRIETTA, Abbess
of the College of Benedictines.*

Holy SISTER,

BEING, thro' frequent Fastings, and an Zeal in performing the Duties of our Function, seized with a Bodily Infirmary, which prevents me from executing my Office, I entreat you will accept in my Room of the good Priest who brings you this ; for whose Behaviour I will answer ; trusting him to be capable of the great Charge he undertakes, and a Person, who for his great Wisdom, Learning, and Piety, is justly esteemed and revered by all that know him.

I am,

Good Sister, yours,

In all Pious Regards,

J E HAN

THE amorous *Villaret* received these Credentials with Joy adequate to the Happiness he expected to be possess'd of by their means, and every thing being ready for his Expedition, he departed for the Monastery, where being immediately introduced to the venerable Matron, he presented her with the Letter.

SHE express'd a great deal of Concern for the Indisposition of Father *Jehan*; but it was soon succeeded by the Pleasure she took in having one so worthy of officiating in his room. She ask'd him several Questions concerning the Duties of his Function, which the *Fryar* had so well instructed him how to answer, that she doubted not but that he was worthy of the Character the other had given, and immediately conducted him to the Gallery where the Cells of the Devotees were rang'd in order one against the other.

HE made what haste he could, either to absolve or inflict Penance on, (according as their Confessions seemed to require) those Nuns which were in his way to his belov'd *Charlotta*; and the little Austerity which his Impatience to be in another Place would permit him to counterfeit, was extremely obliging to those, whose exclusion from the World had not been able to preserve from Wishes no way agreeable to their Vow.

AT last he arriv'd where *Charlotta*, full of expectations of hearing something of what had been the Subject of her last Conversation with Father *Jehan*, impatiently waited the coming of that comfortable *Fryar*.

NOTHING could equal the vexation of Disappointment, when she saw a Stranger instead, unless it were the Rapture she was in, when she found that Stranger was no other than *Villars*; for long he suffer'd her not to remain in ignorance but throwing off his Coult, and at the same time catching her in his Arms, with all the ardency longing Inclination.

BEHOLD, *cry'd he*, adorable *Charlotta*, Force of Love, and your almighty Charms!—See of how little effect are Walls of Stone, or Bolts or Bars, to keep the happy Lover from his Wife. — These words, and the full sight of his Face made her immediately know him to be *Villars* and the sudden Joy which so unexpected a Blessing shot thro' every Faculty of her Soul, left *Villars* no Room for Bashfulness not the power of dictating any thing but the prejudice of the presuming Lover.

SHE return'd his Caresses with an equal warmth gave Kifs for Kifs; nor once offer'd to repel his Boldness which thus encourag'd he already began to treat her with; till pressing closer, and on the point of becoming master of all his Passion aim'd where she was capable of bestowing, — Fye, *Villars* she cry'd, forbear, till Marriage sanctifies the Act.

YOU must proceed no further till I am your Wife. — Unkindly urg'd, *said he*, still pressing his Attempt; damp't not the Bliss which Love and Beauty yield, by such unseasonable Remonstrances. — Turn all thy Thoughts on present Enjoyment, and give a loose to Passion, — The wild

patient

patience, and hurry of Desire, which he was that moment in, prevented him from uttering more, as the Emotions of her Soul did her from replying, or now making even the least shew of a Resistance to the pleasing Ruin.

LOCK'D in close Embraces, she yielded to the speechless Joy ! Both quite dissolv'd, and lost in Rapture, the intolerable Delight o'erwhelm'd Reflection, and, for a time, depriv'd each Sense of all its wonted force ; but Thought and Reason by degrees returning, the amorous Youth regarded the Conquest he had gain'd with Pride and Pleasure, and the undone Maid revolv'd on what she had done with Fear and Shame.

A thousand times she conjur'd him to repair her loss of Honour, by making her his Wife, which he as often swore to perform. As soon as Father *Jebah* could invent some plausible Excuse for coming with him : That good Man, *said he*, by whose assistance I have enjoy'd this Earnest of my Happiness, will doubtless find the way to make it lasting, but we must have patience till some kind opportunity arrives.

How easy is it to deceive the Innocent, and with what readiness do we credit what we wish : *Charlotta* doubted not the Sincerity of the Man she lov'd ; and now looking on him as her Husband, suffer'd him to repeat the late experienc'd Joy, nor knew one Thought but Rapture, till his Safety reminding him that too long a stay might occasion Suspicion, he was obliged to take his leave.

SHE knew the necessity, but durst not un-
 the continuance of her Happiness, lest it should
 prove fatal to the dear Author; she therefore pre-
 fer'd him to depart, endeavouring to console her-
 self as much as possible with the Assurance
 gave her of returning soon again.

NOR did her hopes in this point deceive her;
 his Passion yet unsatiated with the possession
 her Beauties, made him oblige Father *Jehan*
 continue his pretence of Indisposition, and for four
 Weeks he officiated in his stead, and indulg'd
 the Delights of criminal Desire to the extreme
 height that lavish Love could give.

BUT where was ever an Amour of that na-
 ture that lasted always? The once vigorous Pa-
 sion of *Villaret*, began, by Degrees, to abate; and
 to add to that Inconstancy which is almost in-
 separable from an amorous Heart, *Charlotta* herself
 contributed to render her Enjoyment less pleasur-
 able by expressing a Jealousy that he was less dilige-
 nt in seeking the means of becoming her Husband
 than he had been in obtaining from her the
 Freedoms which ought to have been the conse-
 quence of Marriage.

AS her Discontents increas'd, his Indifference
 did so too; and he was just beginning to think
 that there was nothing farther worthy of incurring
 the Dangers to which he was daily exposed, in
 wearing a Habit to which he had no right, when
 an Adventure presented it self to him, which

made him recede from that Opinion, and resolve not yet to throw it off.

IN the next Cell to that in which *Charlotta* lay, was lodg'd a young Nun, whom Compulsion, not Choice had made so: Never Woman was possess'd of a greater Stock of amorous Inclinations, and having before her entrance into the Monastery experienced the Joys of Love, was wholly free from all those Fears which are frequently the Guardians of Virgin-Chastity. In fine, she wanted but an Opportunity to yield to every thing that Man could ask; but that having been deny'd since her taking the Vow, she had look'd on it as the greatest Misfortune that cou'd have befallen her.

SHE had nothing to expect or wish from the Age of her former Confessor, but hoped a different sort of Entertainment from this young one, than Prayers and dull Harangues on the Blessings of Retirement, and the Virtues of Temperance and Chastity.

HIS Discourse, however, being always on those Themes, she began to imagine that his Looks bely'd his Heart, and that he was of the coldest Constitution imaginable. But this Opinion lasted not long; she was convinc'd of the contrary by some Words she heard *Charlotta*, in an unguarded Rapture, utter when he was with her in her Cell; such Expressions, as, *My everlasting Charmer! thou most transporting Angel of Mankind!* she knew were not occasion'd by Devotion to any other Power than that of Love.

SHE was sensible *Charlotta* was in possession of a Happiness she had long languish'd for in vain, and both envy'd and hated her for it. — Resentment did not nevertheless carry her so far as to betray the *Abbess* the discovery she made; she chose to be reveng'd, another way, if possible; and if she fail'd in that, to have recourse at least to the most cruel one against them both.

HAVING resolved in her Mind in what manner she should attempt the compassing her Designs, the next time the lovely *Fryar* came she accosted him in these Terms: Father, *she*, I must entreat you to be less expeditious in your Visit than you have been in the former ones you have made me. — you know very well it is the duty of your Function to use your utmost endeavour for comforting the Afflicted, and strengthening the Weak; and having something which has lain heavy on my Spirits for a considerable time, I am in the greatest need of your Assistance that any one possibly be. If labouring under any trouble of Mind for a Sin yet unabsolved, *reply'd he, with an admirably well-scounterfeited Austerity*, how happens it that you have not before reveal'd it? — for Sins conceal'd become every Hour less meriting Forgiveness. Alas! Father, *resum'd she*, it is not for a Crime I have been guilty of that I am grieved; it is in my Wishes alone that I am blameable.

I conjure you therefore by your Order, and that Charity which ought to be inseparable from the Priesthood, that you will have patience to hear what my Blushes and Confusion will not permit

me to disclose with that readiness and freedom as I do my other Faults.

S H E accompanied these Words with a Look so sweetly languishing, that it added extremely to her natural Charms, than which few Women had more; tho' *Villaret*, wholly taken up with the thoughts of *Charlotta*, had not before remark'd them.

B U T not well knowing what to make of her Behaviour, he regarded her with a fix'd attention; and after a little pause, I am too sensible, *answer'd he*, what is expected from the Charge I have taken, to neglect any thing in my Power which may give you Ease or Satisfaction.

B U T, *continued he*, placing himself in the Confessional Chair, you must with the same freedom as you would talk to your own Sex, relate the whole of what disturbs you. I will hide from you no part, *said she*. Knowing then, *added she*, with some hesitation, that I am troubled with Desires which are entirely the reverse of the Vow I have taken at the holy Altar-----there is a warmth in my Composure, which will not agree with the cold Rules of a Monastick Life.

I N fine, I burn, I languish, almost die for that which in the most solemn manner I have utterly renounced: To be possess'd of such Desires, *answer'd he*, still retaining his former Severity of Air, and have the power of vanquishing them, is the supremest Triumph that Virtue can acquire, and that I hope is yours.

O ! quite the contrary, *interrupted she*, all the
 forts I can make to that end are fruitless —
 still, still I wish ; still, still am guilty in it.
 The Frailties of Nature, *resumed he*, cannot
 ways be subdu'd ; but you have not yielded
 to their Suggestions, as to commit in Fact, what
 in the Theory promises so exquisite a Pleasure.

NOT yet, *reply'd she*, with a Sigh, but
 not be certain I should have the Power of
 resisting my own Wishes, did Opportunity and
 turn'd Affection tempt. Are you then not
 lov'd ? *demanded he*. Not that I know of,
turn'd she ; but if my kinder Stars shou'd, in
 passion of my Agonies, make the dear Youth
 glow with the same Impatience, and sue
 that which I would die to grant ; instruct
 Sir, by what Precepts strengthen'd I should
 have Courage to refuse.

THE Task wou'd be, perhaps too
said he, were you in the World ; but as you
 here secluded from so dangerous a trial, the
 question is needless. Alas ! *resumed she*, how
 did you mistake my Case ! the Nunnery
 are no defence to me — the Charmer of
 Soul has free admittance here, ——— he is a
 the loveliest sure, that ever grac'd the Order,
 the Charms that Fancy can invent dwell in
 Form, the Musick of his Spheres hangs on
 Accents, and from his shining Eyes unuttered
 Love and Pleasure stream. ——— He is more, O !
 infinitely more, than Thought, unknowing
 can reach ; so ravishing, so divine in all, a
 man must forego her Sex not to doat on him.

THE

THESE Words confirming the pretended *Prayer* in what before he had an indistinct Imagination of, and by the beginning of her Confession had been fir'd to wish, he was no longer at a loss how to proceed; and taking no farther pains to continue his enforc'd Gravity.

I foresee indeed, my lovely Daughter, *said he*, that it will be difficult for you to keep up to your Vow: But before I offer any Arguments to enable you to withstand this o'erwhelming Torrent of Passion, I must be better acquainted with your Soul, and see how far, if such a Temptation shou'd arise, you will be able of yourself to repulse. Suffer me then, *pursu'd he*, to exchange Postures with you and if it be possible, imagine me the Man with whom you are charm'd,

I will endeavour to behave as, 'tis likely, he would do where he in my place, and do you make the same Replies to me as you wou'd do to him, were he in reality prostrate at your Feet.

SPEAKING this, he rose from the Chair, and having placed her in it, threw himself on his Knees before her, and began to act the part he had taken on him in this manner: Loveliest of your Sex *cry'd he*, taking one of her Hands and putting it to his Mouth, why will you thus long delay a Blessing which wou'd equal me with the happiest of Mankind? — You own your love, and can you see me thus torn with wild Impatience, yet forbear to ease me? —

What

What cou'd my most cruel Enemy do
than raise my Expectations, and then delude
Wishes? Oh! be not you thus pityless.

CONSIDER, Sir, the Vows by which
both are bound, (*answer'd she, transported*
he so well understood her meaning, and, had
ken so gallant a Method of returning her Pass
What, what are Vows, *resum'd he, in the*
tender Accent, when rashly taken, and when
posed to Charity? Charity is the noblest
the Virtues; and sure it is the highest Cl
to save the Life of him who Loves you.
Believe me, thou divine one, that I cannot
without you, and where there is so absolute
necessity, all things are excusable—Nay sh
you continue to refuse my Suit, if I even fo
the Joy, both Heaven and you wou'd sure
give the boldness.

WITH these Words he rose, and fra
ing her suddenly to his Breast, began indeed
show himself the encouraged Lover, and
in good earnest what he had but counterfe
to desire in jest.

THE amorous Nun threw off Diffimula
too, and with unfeign'd Ardours return'd in
all his Endearments; the eager Longings for
Joy she now possess'd, gave a double relish
the Accomplishment of it, and the pleasing
prize to find himself belov'd to such a hea
where least he had expected it, serv'd to add
the Felicity which he found in the Enjoyment
of this Charmer. They parted not till necess
oblig

obliged, and not then without a thousand Vows
on both sides of an inviolable Constancy.

CHARLOTTA being the next he was obliged
to visit, what an alteration did that unhappy
Lady now find in his Behaviour? But he laid
the blame of his Coldness on a sudden Indisposi-
tion, which serv'd him also as an Excuse for not
going to the other Cells that Day, and therefore
gave him an opportunity of coming the next,
to make up his Omissions.

HE found so much pleasure in his Intrigue
with *Maria*, so was his last Mistress called, that
he could even endure to continue his Dissimula-
tion with *Charlotta*, since there was no means
of seeing the one, without the other: But all
things must have their vicissitude; this Passion
too at last submitted to the same Fate as the
former, and he grew as heartily weary of *Ma-
ria*, as ever he had been of *Charlotta*: but what
even more than his Satiety made him resolve to
throw aside the *Fryar*, was, that the uneasiness of
the latter of these Ladies was now grown to
such a height, that it was impossible for him to
see her without being influenced by them, tho'
not in the way she desir'd.

IN short, he had just so much Good-nature
as would not suffer him to be witness of a Cala-
mity which he was resolv'd not to relieve; and
therefore acquainting Father *Jehan* with all that
had happen'd to him, return'd the Habit which
had been so serviceable to his Pleasures, much
weightier than it was when he receiv'd it, by
the addition of two hundred Crowns.

HE

HE desired this obliging *Fyrrar* also, to *Charlotta*, that he was hurried into the Court by his Father with so much expedition, that he had not time to take his Leave, but that at his return he would endeavour to do every thing he desired ; and that if *Maria*, as it was probable she would, ask'd any Questions concerning the young Priest who had officiated in his room, (that he had not to her disclosed his real Name, Quality) that he should say he was remanded by his *Provinciate*, and had not the liberty of coming to thank the Abbess for the Favours received from her.

FATHER *Jehan* assur'd him that he would not fail to execute this Commission with the same Integrity, as he had done the former one, and *Villaret* now found an ease in getting rid of his Mistresses, not less delightful, than the Rewards he enjoy'd at the obtaining them.

BUT this Tranquility was of as short continuance as the former tumultuous Joys ; the *Fyrrar* found *Charlotta* not so easy to be consoled as he had imagin'd : she had discover'd herself to him with Child ; and if any thing could exceed the distraction of her Soul for the unkindness of *Villaret*, it was the reflection to what this consequence of her indulg'd Passion must reduce her.

SHE communicated her Misfortune to Father *Jehan*, who was little less troubled and frightened at it than herself : He soon imparted it to *Villaret*, and never were three People in greater

greater Agitations than these, though for different Reasons.

CHARLOTTA dreaded the Shame to which she should be exposed, and the ensuing Punishment inflicted on all those who after they are received into the Monastery, as guilty of indulging a Desire of the nature hers had been: *Vil-laret* trembled lest no other means to gain his Pardon for having seduced a devoted Maid, should be found, than by his marrying her; and the *Fryar* not doubting but the Condition she was in, would bring every thing to light, expected the most cruel Death, as being assistant to so great a Prophanation of the Holy Order and Vestments.

FOR some days Madness and Despair itself was inferior to what they all endured, thro' their excessive Fear; but the latter of them, prolifick in Invention, at last found out a Method, which, if he could bring *Charlotta* to be of his Party, seem'd to promise a deliverance from all these so justly dreaded Evils.

IT was, to give her a Drink, composed of Herbs and Minerals, of so strong a nature, and that it could not fail of causing an immediate Abortion.

IT was with an infinite deal of difficulty he prevail'd on her to swallow it; but the Terrors of that Death, to which she knew the Ecclesiastick Law condemn'd her, if discover'd, at last overcame all the Scruples of Conscience which plead'd hard within her to save the innocent unborn Product of her Pleasure; and in the presence of him

him who had advised her, she drank the fatal Potion to the bottom.

HE took his leave of her soon after, happy enough for his safety ; for he had not left the Monastery many Minutes, before she was seized with Pangs so terrible, as compell'd her to come out in the most vehement manner.

HER Shrieks presently alarm'd all that were in the Convent ; the *Abbeſs* herself, and the whole Sisterhood came running to see what had occasion'd them ; and in the company of the whole, she fell into a Condition, such as sufficiently demonstrated to those who were not very ignorant indeed, what she had been guilty of. Nothing ever equal'd the Trouble and Amazement which the good *Abbeſs* was involv'd at this Discovery.

THE love she bore *Charlotta*, made her very much afflicted that it had been publick, which left her now no possibility of screening her from Justice, without bringing an Odium on herself and all under her Care. Proper Remedies were however, applied for her recovery which was first despair'd of ; the *Fryar*, through an over-zeal of rendring what he gave effectual for his Design had mingled too large a quantity of those pernicious Ingredients, and made it little less fatal to the Mother, than the unhappy Infant.

THE Agonies she endur'd, made more dreadful yet by the Horrors of her Mind, and the Remonstrances she receiv'd of that extremity of Wretchedness to which she was exposed, prevail

ed on her to reveal every Particular of her Guilt and Misfortune.

THE Abbess took her Confession in Writing; to which having obliged her to set her Hand, she sent it to a Magistrate, in order to have *Villaret*, and his sacrilegious Abettor, brought to Justice: But the good Angel of that Chevalier guarded him from the Rigour of this threaten'd Fate.

MARIA, as well as the rest, heard the Confession which *Charlotta* had made; and by it discovering what before she never had the least suspicion of, that the lovely *Fryar*, whom she had taken so much pains to engage, was a Youth of Quality, and named *Villaret*; she was for some moments in debate within herself, if she should send him notice of what was design'd against him, or by continuing silent, suffer him to fall into the Snare, as a Punishment for concealing any thing from her, who had made use of no Reserve to serve him.

GOOD Nature, however, and the remembrance of past Endearments, at length got the better of Resentment, and by a Lay-Sister, whom she prevail'd on by a Bribe, to deliver it into the Hands of some Person belonging to *Villaret*, she sent him a Billet which contain'd these Lines.





TO VILLARA T.

UNWORTHY as you are of any Proof
my Friendship, I cannot suffer you to
into the Hands of a merciless Prosecution with-
giving you warning of the coming Blow.

'TIS needless to take up my time with
ting Particulars, it shall suffice to tell you
the whole History of your Amour with Charles
is by herself made known, and a Testimonial
sent to the President.

YOU know the Consequence if you are taken
Sacrilege, Prophanation, and Murder are
Crimes alledg'd against you.

BE speedy to avoid the Storm, or it will
heavy on you — neglect not this Advice, I counsel
you, nor delay one moment your Flight to some Place
of Security. — Farewell, wherever you
think kindly of,

M A R I

GENERO

GENEROUS Woman! cry'd Villaret to himself, as soon as he read her Letter, for ever shall I remember thee with the most grateful Transports. -- Had Charlotta been of thy Spirit, no Threatnings nor Persuasions wou'd have oblig'd her to expose the Man she lov'd to ruin: But these were but the first Emotions of his Passion; when he more coolly reflected on the Misery of her Condition, and his own Ingratitude and Breach of Promise, he cou'd not, in spite of the Troubles her Confession had brought on him, but absolve her.

HE spent not much time, however, at present in ruminating on this Affair, but according to the Injunctions of *Maria*, made all imaginable haste to avoid the ill Effects of it; he order'd his Horse to be got ready, and taking with him only one Servant, on whose Fidelity he knew he cou'd rely, departed privately from the City, not acquainting any one Person with the Place of his Retirement.

THE Cares of his own Safety, nevertheless, took him not so much, that he forgot that of the Person who for serving him was in an equal, if not superior danger with himself; he sent in search of Father *Jehan*, designing to make him the Companion of his Flight, and to protect him from the Fury of the offended Brotherhood: But all endeavours to find him were in vain; and tho' Villaret by staying, eminently hazarded himself, yet he cou'd not be persuaded to go, 'till having sent wherever he might be expected to be found without success, he imagin'd that having notice of what

what had happen'd by some other means, he been before-hand with him in his Escape.

BUT divine Justice had not so decreed; Wretch, more loaded with Crimes than Ye not having the least Notion that the Potion gave *Charlotta* would have either so immediate so violent an effect, prevented the Search the Cers were about to make for him, by coming his own accord into the Monastery, having a last Visit left a Book behind him: He was sently seiz'd, and being made sensible for Crime, dragg'd to Prison, there to wait the tence of his Death.

BUT to return to *Charlotta*; that most ferable Creature endured Agonies both of Mind and Body, infinitely more terrible than all Imagination can figure out.-----To add to Distraction, she beheld her Parents, who by time were apprized of the whole dreadful Tale in such a Condition, that to have seen them on any other score, must have crack'd the Stone which held her tender Heart: What then she feel in the Knowledge that it was owing herself, that it was for her Crimes they suffer'd-----Every Cry which her afflicted Mother forth, seem'd a Fiend lashing with Whips of Shame her guilty Soul; and in her Father's down-cast Looks, contracted Brow, and every now then a gushing Tear forcing its Passage from aching Eyes; she read the Vengeance of offended Heaven, and the Curse she had incurr'd for bringing the hoary Hairs of him who had begot her with Sorrow to the Grave.

LIFE now was hateful to her, *She wish'd to die*, as the Poet says, *yet durst not Death endure*: The Terror of hereafter shock'd Apprehension, and made Nature Start. — When the Count talk'd of soliciting for a Pardon; O! no, my Lord! *would she cry*, I must not, cannot live.

CRIMES such as mine deserve not a reprieve, nor can I bear the Light, press'd with this Load of Shame. But when any discourse arose, which seem'd to hint that if the former part of her Crime, that of her Amour, might find mercy in consideration of her Youth, the Promises of *Villaret*, and that she had not yet taken the Vow; yet the latter of them, destroying by unlawful means, the Product of her guilty Joys, no Favour could alleviate; she would make answer, Of that I am innocent, I knew not that it was a Crime; the Wretch appointed for my Spiritual Guide, assured me that it was not; it is him, therefore, that ought to feel the Punishment of that execrable Deed.

THE truth is, she knew not herself what 'twas she wish'd or hoped; or rather, she had nothing left to wish or hope: She could not bear to live, nor yet to die; the Apprehensions of both were alike terrible, both equally dreadful to sustain.

THE still tender Father labour'd incessantly, however, to procure her Pardon, offering the whole Remainder of his little Fortune to be disposed of in Charitable Uses, as an Attonement for his Daughter's Crime; but the one appear'd either too great to be pass'd over, or the other too small

to be accepted, and the unhappy Transgressor doom'd to that Death commonly inflicted in these Cases, which is, of being buried alive.

THE Person appointed to bring her this News, loth to discharge his Trust, began with forming her of how great a Consideration her Case was held in Court; how much the Judge commiserated his Misfortune; and with what Zeal and Earnestness her Case was pleaded.

HE dwelt so long on this Theme, that he not doubted but her Pardon was sign'd; the Reflections what a long Series of Shame, Contempt, and Remorse, she was to undergo in this made her cry out,----Oh! I will never accept it; the most terrible of all Deaths would be more severe than such a Life of Woe.

MANY more Exclamations did she send forth of the like Nature, testifying her detestation of living, till the *Monk*, who had occasion'd this Mistake, interrupted her, by saying, I rejoice to find in you this willingness to die, since not all the Pleadings of your Friends, nor the Inclinations which the Judges had to preserve you, could so far subvert the Law, as to obtain Pardon for this Crime of the Nature yours is.

YOU must prepare for Death, *Charlotte*, said he, and that within three Days. Not all the Hatred she had express'd for Life, equal'd the Horror with which she now heard she must resign it; she accused the Severity of the Law, taxed the Judges with Cruelty, and even accused her Father of being deficient in his Sollicitations.

gave such Testimonies of Desperation in all her Words and Actions, that none who saw her, but believed her Miseries had turned her Brain.

SOME truly pious Men were appointed to reason with her on this Subject; and by their Arguments and Admonitions, she was at last brought into a State of more Moderation: And when the Time arrived to put a Period to her Woes, she suffer'd herself to be put down alive into her Grave, with a Courage, which could not have been expected from the Irresolution of her former Behaviour.

THE *Fryar*, by whose pernicious Precepts and Contrivance this young Lady had been so wretched, met the Death decreed for him with less, either of Fortitude, or Resignation; and died unpitied, unlamented, a Spectacle only of Horror and Detestation.

VILLARET, who in his retirement had been inform'd of all that pass'd, perceiving there was no returning in safety, embark'd in the first Ship that left the Port.

He pass'd some Years in Travelling, alleviating as much as possible, the memory of this unhappy Catastrophe of his Amour, by observing the different Manners and Customs of foreign Courts; all which time his Father, the Marquis *De Villaret*, employ'd in soliciting a Pardon for his Son; which, being a Man of more than common Interest, he at last obtain'd.

BUT

BUT though this lovely Ruiner escaped the Sentence of the Law, he was not long permitted to triumph in the Mischiefs which his insatiable desire had caused.

THE Count and Countess *De Sumes*, both dead of no other Disease than Grief for dishonour of their Family, and loss of a beloved Child; but they left behind 'em a Son, who resolv'd to revenge their common Injuries, if *Villaret* came back.

ACCORDINGLY he no sooner heard of the young Lord's being landed, than he went to meet him; and provoking him to fight, animated with the extremest Rage, he slew him on the spot, but was immediately taken by some Passengers who happen'd to come that way.

HE attempted not to deny, nor extenuate the Fact, but boldly own'd, that what he had done were it again to do, he would fly to act with the same vehemence as before.

AND being condemned to die, suffer'd the execution of his Sentence with the same Courage he had incur'd it; saying, He look'd on himself as the Instrument of Divine Justice, in punishing one, who tho' a Rebel to all Laws, both Human and Sacred, had been preserved by partial Favour; and that the Death he was now about to receive was his Glory, not his Shame.

THE magnanimity of his Behaviour, drew Tears from almost all the Spectators Eyes;

even those most nearly allied to *Villaret* by Blood and Friendship, who had the least spark of Generosity, pitied so brave a Man.

BEHOLD! continued the Spirit of *Almajuc*, what a Scene of Blood and Ruin, the giving way to one criminal Passion brought on the Theatre of the World.

TWO noble Families reduced to all the Misery imaginable, by the eternal loss of what was most dear to them, and an irremovable Stain cast on the Escutcheons, to the shame even of their Posterity whole Ages hence.

MAY those who yet are free, take timely warning by their Fate, and thereby shun the Vices of *Villaret* and *Charlotta*, if they would avoid their Misfortunes.

As she was proceeding in this useful Exhortation, the Bird of Day proclaim'd the God's approach, and obliged her to break off.——Swift then, as Thought, she glided from the Chamber, and soaring into the Air, mingled with the Troops of Shades, who, like herself, are doom'd to wander in the Gloom of Night, and shun the Beams of ever chearing *Phæbus*.

The End of the Second Part.

E

PART



PART III.



THE difference between the Poet and the Woman of real Modesty is this ; the one takes pleasure in exposing those Failings in another, which either through Fear, or want of Opportunity, she indulges in herself ; the other blushes to think that any of her Sex should behave in a manner which can merit Blame, and grieves that all Women are not fortified with Virtue and Discretion. — The Poet to whom the Spirit of *Almajue* gave this natural Intelligence, felt a pleasure in knowing the Weakness of those who pretend even to the strictest Virtue ; which the other by Intuition being sensible of, fail'd not the succeeding Night to show her as before, and entertain'd her in the following manner.



The History of DE LA VEIRE
and LOVISA DE SOISSONS.

THE Counts *De la Veire* and *Soissons*, were not more beloved by the generality of Mankind, than they were hated by each other: An old Grudge, Heavens know how many Ages past, having happen'd between the Families, was handed down from Generation to Generation, and made, as it were, a part of their Inheritance; but the Heir Males of the House of *Soissons* being now uttrelly extinct, the Count having no other Child than one Daughter, and by his great Age, despairing of any more, the amiable *Lovisa*, so she was call'd, was to inherit the vast Possessions appertaining to that noble Family. The Count *De la Veire* had one Son, who was esteemed by all who knew him, the most accomplish'd Man of the Age; and often had the Friends, on both sides, endeavour'd to put an end to so unreasonable an Animosity, by proposing a Match between those two young Persons, who were in every thing conformable to each other; their Estates were equal, so were their

Ages, saving only the *De la Veire* had the advantage of about three Years.

THE Perfections both of their Minds and Bodies, made them seem as tho' ordain'd by Heaven to be united in the strictest Ties, both being superior in Merit to the rest of their Sex, and worthy only of each other: But the old Gentleman could not be brought to be of this Opinion; *Soissons* could see nothing agreeable in *De la Veire*, nor *De la Veire* in *Lovisa*.

As yet these two lovely Persons had never seen each other; young *De la Veire* having been for some Years on his Travels, and *Lovisa* in a distant City, where she was placed for the advantage of her Education, (her Mother being dead,) with an old Lady something related to her.

THEY arrived much about the same time at the respective Houses of their several Fathers, and were no sooner welcom'd home, than the inveterate Hate with which these Families regarded each other, was shown in their endeavours to cultivate the same in their Posterity; perhaps, too, they took a more than ordinary care in inspiring this Aversion into the Minds of these Heirs, because being of different Sexes, there appear'd a greater danger of their degenerating from it.

THERE was all imaginable Caution also used to prevent them from meeting; the Count *De Soissons* suffer'd *Lovisa* but rarely to stir abroad, and *De la Veire* forbid his Son to have any Conversation with the Friends or Acquaintance of *De Soissons*.

'Tis

'Tis not impossible but that these Forbiddings rais'd a Curiosity in the Mind of young *De la Veire* to have a view of this fair Enemy; but whether it was to that, or any other Motive, is uncertain; but a very little time gave proofs that he was resolute to disobey his Father in this Point.

INSTEAD of shunning the Places where he might expect to see her, he was scarce ever from them. The incessant Railings he heard against this Lady, and at the same time, the Fears which the old Count express'd, lest at any time he should see her, made him imagine there was something more than ordinary to be found in her, and gave him a desire, which if nothing had been said in opposition to it, might probably never have rose in his Mind.

ALL his Endeavours to convince himself, being hitherto unsuccessful, he began to grow cooler in the pursuit, nor continue in the search of Impossibilities. As he had just taken this Resolution, happening to be abroad one Evening, as he was returning home pretty late, he thought he heard the Shrieks of a Person in some distress, a little distance from him: The Voice was Female, and Compassion and Generosity exciting in him an eagerness to offer what Relief was in his Power, he ran with all possible speed to the Place whence the Noise proceeded. He had not passed many Streets, before at the end of one which led to the great Road, he saw a Coach, in which were two Women, and a confused Skirmish about it of several Men, two of which appear'd to be Gentlemen, and the rest Servants.

T H E disorder in which they fought, joined to the Gloom of the Night, rendred it impossible for him to distinguish which part to take, till one of the Fellows cry'd, Join your Assistance, I beg you, Sir ; my Lady is stop'd in her Coach by these Gentlemen, who would carry her away.

A N D before these words were well pronounc'd, one of the Women thrusting herself as far as possible out of the Coach, added to his Information, He tells you truth, Sir ; therefore if you have Honour, defend me from these Ravishers. Now no longer doubting on whom he should turn his Sword, he attack'd the Gentlemen with so much fury, that his Courage re-enimating those of the defensive Party, they were in a few Moments obliged to quit the Place, venting a thousand Curses on the Author of their Disappointment. The Servants, who had so bravely fought in defence of their Mistress, now out of respect to their unknown Assistant, drew back, and gave him liberty to approach the Coach.

'**T W O U L D** be needless to repeat the Retributions made him by the Persons he had so timely succour'd ; 'tis easy to imagine they were infinitely obliging, and suitable to the Occasion : but the Praises given him by the one, had an effect vastly different from those of the other.

T H E Sweetness of her Voice, the agreeable Manner in which she express'd herself, enchanted his very Soul, and turn'd it all into Attention, till some Lights unexpectedly hap'ning to come by, discover'd to his admiring Eyes a Form so full of Beauty,

ty, Eyes so commanding, and withal so languishing, a Mouth made up of Charms, the most dazzling Complection that Nature ever gave ; and all this Pomp of Loveliness, adorn'd with a Blaze of Jewels, and every Aid of Art ; the Delights of Hearing gave way to those of Sight, he cou'd have gaz'd for ever unwearied on such an Object.

N O T all his Travels had presented him with one so ravishing, so bewitching. — The Servants took this opportunity of rekindling their Flambeaux, which in the late Scuffle they had thrown down, and were extinguished, and he had the full opportunity of contemplating every Perfection of this Wonder of her Sex. — The Rapture he was in, did not, however, make him forgetful of what was owing to Good Manners, or might be advantages to his future Wishes.

A F T E R having been inform'd by her, that the Persons who set upon her, were utterly unknown to her ; nor that she could not have guess'd at their Designs, had not one of them told her, he had long had a Passion for her, who despairing to gratify by fair means, he had recourse to Force ; he made some little Comments on the Dangers to which Ladies, when possess'd of Beauty to that eminent degree she was, were expos'd, in travelling without a sufficient Guard ; he entreated she would permit him to attend her home, it not being impossible, as he said, but that the Villains might make a second Attempt.

S H E was far from denying this Request ; she rather look'd on it as an Addition to the Obligations she

she had already received from him, and order'd a Servant immediately to open the Coach-door ; which being done, and he placed in it on the opposite side, he felt a pleasure which no Tongue is able to describe, in being so near her, till endeavouring to express her Gratitude for the Service he had done, she happen'd to say, I am wholly unable, generous Stranger, to thank you as I ought, but I am satisfied the Count *De Soissons* will omit nothing to testify his Sense of the Relief you have afforded to his Daughter in such an Exigence.

H A D she look'd in the Face of *De la Veire* as she spoke this, she would have perceived an alteration which doubtless would have much amaz'd her. The mention of that Name was like to have made him drop motionless from his Seat ; but recovering himself as much as he was able, and hoping he had mistook her words ; the Count *De Soissons* ! Madam, cry'd he, did you say the Count *De Soissons* was your Father ? Yes, Sir, replied she, I am that happy Woman who can boast I have a Father, whose Tenderness and Love for me will make him look on my deliverer as the Guardian Angel of his Family, and to the utmost extent of his Power, endeavour to discharge the mighty Debt of Gratitude we owe you.

A L A S ! Madam resumed he sadly, you are nothing indebted to me ; I have done no more than what any Man of common Honour must have done in the like case, nor do I desire any Retributions from the Count *De Soissons*.

THESE words, and the manner in which they were deliver'd, so different from the gay Sprightliness with which he had at first entertain'd her, extremely surpriz'd her; but she had no time to press for an Explanation; they were now at the Door of her Father's House, which being open'd, she entreated her Defendant to accompany her in, but he excused himself in these terms: Permit me, Madam, *said he*, to deny myself the pleasure of any farther Conversation this Night.

'TIS with an infinite regret I quit you, but something has happen'd which will not suffer me to obey my Inclinations.----You will, perhaps, *continued he with a Sigh*, hereafter be acquainted with the Reasons of my seeming Rudeness.——Give me leave, however, *resumed she*, to know the Name of him to whom I owe my safety.

FROM that also, *answer'd he*, I must entreat to be excused; as the little I have done requires not a return, I beg it may not be repeated.——But believe me, Madam, (*with these Words kissing her Hand*) that whatever I am, I must be your Adorer.

HE had no sooner pronounc'd the last syllable, than without staying for a reply, he went so hastily away, that had the Day befriended the Search her Eyes made after him, it had been of little less service than the Night.

SHE went into the House so much perplexed in her mind at the latter-part of his Behaviour, that
she

she knew not what to do.——The Count her Father was then abroad, but as soon as he came home, she related to him all that had befallen her, concealing only the passionate Air of the last Expression which the agreeable Unknown had made to her at taking leave.

THE Count *De Soissons*, who was a Man of ready Apprehension, and had seen *De la Veire* at several publick Places since his Arrival, from the Description his Daughter gave of him, and the sudden Change of his Behaviour, at being told her Name, presently imagin'd it was no other than he; and look'd on it as the extremest Malice of his Stars, that she had been indebted for her Preservation to the Man, who, of all the World, was most hateful to him.

PERCEIVING, however, that *Lovisa* was wholly in the Dark, he was willing to keep her so, and reveal'd not a word of his Suggestions to her; but tho' he was silent, the discontent with which he receiv'd the News of her Escape, and the little Gratitude he express'd, or desire of knowing the Person to whom she had been so much oblig'd, was sufficient to make her know there was some Mystery in it; but what it was, as yet she was not able to fathom, any more than she was for what reason a Man who had done her so signal and meritorious a Service, should at the same time declare himself her Lover, and yet refuse either to continue in her Presence, or let her know who he was.

THESE

THESE things gave her so much trouble, that she had little repose that Night. — Her deliverer had appear'd so lovely in her Eyes, that she could have been pleas'd to have known he ador'd her, if she cou'd also have been inform'd that she might allow him to do so without a Blush, she cou'd therefore form no other Conjecture, than that being conscious of Unworthiness, either through a deficiency of Birth or Fortune, he had not dar'd to declare himself.

YET why *said she*, shou'd any of those wants have deter'd him? — 'Tis only vulgar Souls that love for Interest. — Be his Desert or Estate never so small, mine are sufficient to exalt the Man I would make happy. — He has all the personal Perfections that can adorn Mankind, an infinity of Wit and good Breeding; nor can I doubt of his Honour and Generosity, after what he has done for me. He therefore knows not my Humour, or if he truly lov'd, would not conceal himself from me.

IN this manner did she argue with herself, all the Night long condemning those Scruples which she imagin'd had deprived her of the most agreeable Man in the World.

BUT with the Night these Cogitations vanished, and gave way to others of a different kind: *De la Veire*, who had been able to taste the Sweets of Sleep no more than she, in love to madness, and little hopeful of succeeding in that Love, repenting that he had conceal'd himself, now resolv'd to tempt the certainty of his Fate, and early the next morning

ning sent her, by a trusty Hand, whom he knew
he could confide in, the following Lines.

To the most Adorable LOVISA de
SOISSONS.

*AS the Service I was last Night so happy to do you,
was before I knew for whom, I have since con-
sider'd that the concealing my Name after the discovery
of yours, might make you think I repented what had
happen'd, and was less pleas'd to have it in my Pow-
er to oblige Lovisa, than any other of her Sex.*

*BUT, Madam, very different were my Rea-
sons.— I was shock'd, indeed, to find you the Daugh-
ter of the Count De Soissons, but it was not because
I had rescued her from the Hands of Ravishers, but
because I was possess'd with a Passion for her, which
from the first moment of its entrance into my Soul, I
knew would be unvanquishable, and the Consequence
of which I had a Thousand Causes to fear, must
only be Despair and Misery.*

*I know myself in every degree unworthy the Affec-
tions of the Divine Lovisa ; but, Oh ! did partial
Love consent to favour me, and even your Inclinations
go hand in hand with mine, what hope has the Son of
De*

De la Veire, ever to obtain the Daughter of the Count De Soissons! — It was this, Madam, which made me tremble to disclose my self.

IT was this which forced me from your presence, and would not suffer me to cancel the little Obligation you seem'd to think yourself under to your unknown Deliverer, by acquainting you it was from the Enemy of your House that you receiv'd it. — Pardon the Expression ; I mean, whom you have been bred to look upon as such ; for I now renounce such Precepts, and protest that if the Hate between our Families is to be entail'd with the Inheritance, I will sooner suffer mine to be cut off, than purchase Riches at so dear a rate.

BUT, O ! I cannot flatter my fond Hope so far as to promise myself you will recede from the smallest grain of yours in favour of the unhappy De la Veire.

I am unworthy of creating such a Change ; and it would be the highest Vanity to expect from your meer Compassion alone, that effect which all the Charms of Nature join'd to work on me. — Dreadful Reflection ! — Fate to severe ! — Love and Despair took Birth almost at the same time within me.

I no sooner began to feel the one, than I also knew the other was my portion. — Oh ! think with Pity, on my wretched State ; and tho' I dare not think

think of being lov'd, permit me to imagine I have not by this Confession more incurr'd your Hatred, and that you are less an Enemy to the Person than the Name of,

Your Everlasting, and

most Passionate Adorer,

the Unhappy

DE LA VEIRE.

P. S. Charity is allowed to be the noblest Virtue Humanity can boast; and sure it can be no breach of Duty to ease the Tortures of my bleeding Heart, by one Line of my Commiseration, if it be true that you have pardon'd this Presumption, and are not displeased to find a Lover in a Family, which has so long declared it self at variance with yours.

SURPRIZE, and the most profound Astonishment, at the first reading this Letter, left no room for any other Emotions neither resentment nor Tenderness had power to operate for some Moments, but when Recollection restor'd her to herself, and she could calmly deliberate on these Affairs, though she griev'd to find the only Man in the World who had the secret to please her, was he who of all the World, Duty most bid her hate; he, who from
her

her Infancy ſhe had been taught to abhor ; yet did the joy to find him of an equal Birth counterbalance all other Conſiderations ; and ſhe was more ſatisfied to find her lover was a Man of Quality, than ſhe was troubled to know he was the Object of her Fathers Hate.

S H E was, however, a long time debating within herſelf if ſhe ſhould ſend any Answer to his Letter or not. *Pride* ſuggeſted to her, that to have triumph'd in this manner over the ſworn Enemy of her Houſe, ought to be the Summit of her Ambition ; but the more prevailing Softneſs of her new Deſires, would not ſuffer her to let a Man ſo charming, ſo perfectly form'd to attract a Woman's fondeſt Wiſhes, endeavour to cure himſelf of a hopeleſs Paſſion.

S H E reſolv'd therefore to write, and in this manner it was that the Tenderneſs which Love inspir'd, got the better of her more natural Haughtineſs of Soul, and compell'd her to confeſs it.



To the worthy DE LA VEIRE

WHEN I consider that to one of the Family of the De la Veires I am about to write, Shame, and the daily Remonstrances I have never to think of any of that Name, but with the utmost detestation, makes me ready to throw away my Pen, accuse myself of the most criminal Condescension, and resolve to shun a Guilt, which, if Heaven will forgive, I am too certain, he who on Earth is the disposer of my Fate, never would be brought to do.

BUT when I consider, that it is to the Guardian of my Honour, my Protector, my Champion, and my brave Defender, I cannot, nay, I dare not, be so ungrateful as to refuse any Demonstrations, which are in my Power to give, of the Sense I have of what he has done for me.

O ! De la Veire ! but ! will not call you by that Name ; my Deliverer, greatly has your late Service won upon my Soul, yet do not think it is to that alone,

are indebted for this Epistle ; no, you have Merits which even in spite of my Natural Reserve, I must acknowledge, should force from me this Testimony of my Susceptibility.

I do not blush to make you this Confession, because according to the present state of my Affairs, 'tis the only Recompence I can afford for all the Numberless Obligations you have conferr'd upon me.

I could wish, nay, will own to you, that nothing on this side Heaven would give me so much pleasure, as that our stern Fathers were as inclinable to end the too long maintain'd a Quarrel of their Ancestors.

— But such a hope were vain, at least, on my side. However, if my refusing to be any longer sway'd by Precepts so contrary to Reason and to Justice, may afford you any Satisfaction, be assured that I sincerely renounce them, and that the Name of De la Veire shall henceforward never be disagreeable to the Ears of,

The Obliged,

LOVISA.

P. S.

P. S. *If you take any pleasure in this distant Conversation, it never shall be broke off on my side. — but be careful by what hands you send your Letters, nor censure as the Levity of Nature what is really the Effect of Meditation, and a true Sense of your Deserts and the Obligations I have to you.*

De la Veire must have been as much an Enemy to his own Tranquility, as he was really, the contrary, not to have been perfectly satisfied with such a Letter ; the Contents of it were far beyond what his utmost Hopes could have flatter'd him with. Nothing could be more encouraging ; no Woman could have writ with greater Tenderness ; and, as her Letter had not enough explain'd her kinder Sentiments, she adds a Postscript, which, as it were, declares he will continue to send to her.

SHE expresses little Chagrin at the Enmity between their Houses, but an Infinity of Pleasure that she had made a Friend of her Foe.

IN the whole, there was not one word which could give him the least Shadow of an Uneasiness ; nothing but what flatter'd his Passion ; and he already not doubted, but at the Decease of their Parents, he should be as happy as Love could make him.

HE fail'd not to Write to her again the next Day, nor she to return him an Answer, which was no way damped those Expectations her first had rais'd. The following one still testified on

on both sides, a desire of a nearer Conversation, and nothing could be more tender than their mutual Flame.

THIS fed, indeed, the Lover's Hopes, but it increas'd his impatience ; he cou'd not bear to Love, and be thus belov'd, yet continue at this cruel Distance. Besides, he thought it might give her occasion to distrust either his Wit or Sincerity, if he attempted not a further Gratification of those Desires which as yet she had no Testimonials of, but his Words.

HE therefore resolv'd, by some Means or other, to gain an Opportunity of confirming by Word of Mouth, what he had so often assured her of by Letters, and by running some imminent Hazard, convince her that his Love was in reality, as fervent as he had described it.

AFTER many fruitless Projections in what Manner he should bring what he desired about, he at last pitch'd on one which seem'd feasible enough.

As the Possessions he was to inherit were extremely large, and his Father no way involved in Debt, this Darling of his Soul had the Command of what Money he pleas'd : He therefore laid out a large Sum in the purchase of a parcel of Jewels, esteem'd the finest in the Kingdom, which at the Decease of a celebrated Lady of the first Quality, were expos'd to Sale.

As soon as he had them in his Possession, he procur'd himself a plain, grave Habit, and dress'd
in.

in that, with his Box of Jewels under his Arm, not to be known for the gay Heir of rich *De la Veire*, he went to the House of the Count *de Soissons*, where desiring to speak with the Woman of the young Lady, and telling her his Business was to show her some very fine Jewels, which in the way of Merchandize he had bought, was by her immediately introduced to the Presence of *La Visia*.

HE chose an Hour in which Ladies are generally free from Company, and finding her entirely disengag'd, was restrain'd only by the Presence of the Person who had conducted him into the Room from throwing himself at her Feet, resolving, if possible, to have a Moment to himself: However, as he shew'd her the Jewels, presenting her with one which was wrapp'd in a Paper: See here, Madam, *said he*, the most Rich and Rare of my whole Stock!

SHE no sooner cast her Eyes upon it, than she saw her own Hand-writing, in a Letter to *De la Veire*; and immediately turning to him, and looking on him with more Attention than she had done while she believed him a Merchant, she knew him, and in a Moment recollecting what it was he expected from her, she sent her Woman out of the Room, under the Pretence of fetching something she wanted; and as soon as she was gone, preventing what he was about to say, Oh! why too adventurous *De la Veire*, *said she*, have you taken so dangerous a Method to see me? Should either your Father, or mine be appriz'd of this Visit, it would infallibly put a Stop to all future Correspondence between

between us. — Ah! Madam, *answer'd he*, how
 ill do Love and Prudence agree? — And how
 impossible is it to have any Regard to Danger,
 when *Lovisa* is in Question.

WHAT avails the dull Considerations of Duty,
 Interest, or Fortune, when compared to that of the
 Blessing I this happy Moment enjoy.

BY Heaven, were there no other Fears but
 what might happen on my own account, I would
 declare myself no more the Son of Count *De la*
Veire, and openly avow my Adoration: But even
 that *pursued he, with a Sigh*, would not prevail on
 your inexorable Father; and if the Hatred of Fa-
 milies is now sufficient to debar me from all hope of
 his encouraging my Suit, much less would he vouch-
 safe to listen to a Man without Friends, Title, or
 Estate, to countenance his Pretensions.

LET us therefore wait, *said she*, till Time shall
 produce some alteration of Affairs for the advantage
 of our Love.

I doubt not of your Constancy, be you as secure of
 mine; and be assured that when without inevitable
 Rain to us both, I can declare my Love, I dare as
 much in the pursuit of it, as *De la Veire* can do.

BUT till then, both of us, I hope, have too
 much Friendship mingled with our Passion, to wish
 to inflict Misery, where we would give only
 Joy.

Y O U

Y E T blame me not, *resumed he*, for this tempt, to feed my famish'd Eyes with the sight of those Perfections which have enslav'd my Soul.

Y o u see I have us'd Caution, nor can I well be known in this Disguise. Too well, *replied she, blushing*, I am already acquainted with the Effects of Love, to wonder at what you have done; and did my Sex's Modesty assist Discretion, I might perhaps, have run all Risques to see my Dear *Veire*.

B U T do not, *pursued she*, presume so far in this Confession, as to tempt Fate by any future Attempts.

I F you love *Lovisa*, you will fear to lose even that little of her, you enjoy in her Letters.

T H E Noise her Woman made in coming through the Gallery, to which this Chamber join'd, prevented her from saying more; and he had no Time to snatch a Kiss of her Hand, before the Entrance of that unwelcome Interrupter.

A s soon as she came into the Room, he put into her Hand two of the finest Jewels he had brought, telling her she must lay them up for her Lady, she having bought them of him.

F A I N would *Lovisa* have oppos'd accepting such a Present, but durst not, for fear of discovering the Truth; and perhaps, never Lover took

more gallant Manner of testifying his Generosity than did *De la Veire*, at once preventing her either from refusing, or confessing an Obligation.

SHE was, however, a little disorder'd at so unexpected a Testimony of his Affection, and with a peevish Air, Bring this wicked Jeweller to me no more. *said she to her Woman*, he has compell'd me, as it were, to take those Toys off his Hands, and at the same Time shews me more valuable ones, which are not in my Power to make my own.

I am certain, Madam, *answer'd she*, he can have brought you nothing which my Lord the Count would deny you the Purchase of, if he knew you had the Fancy for them. No, *said Lovisa*, it does not suit my Convenience at this Time to have them.

I shall not dispose of them, Madam, *cry'd the pretended Merchant*, if you please to assure me you think 'em worthy the wearing, I will preserve them till you think fit to send. I shall consider of it, *answer'd she, smiling*, but would not have you keep them to your Prejudice. That I cannot fear, *rejoin'd he*, from a Lady of your Goodness and Generosity.

WITH these Words he made a low Congee, and went out of the Room; his Complaisance affording the Wench a good Theme for Prattle, which her Lady suffer'd her to run on in, being pleas'd with any Sort of Discourse which related to her dear *De la Veire*.

Now

Now had these Lovers a new Topick to write to each other on, this second Interview, if possible, had increas'd the Passion both were before inspir'd with, and each seem'd to strive which should give the greatest Demonstration of it. *De la Veire*, in the Excess of Joy, lost all Awe and those Fears so disturbing to an amorous Heart; and *Lovisa*, in the Confidence of his Sincerity, forgot Reserve; or at least would not put herself to the Trouble of assuming what was so little needful.

It was with the utmost Freedom they now entertained each other; and the Tendernefs, with which *Lovisa* return'd the Fervency of her Lover's Expressions, made him for a Time the most contented Man on Earth; but the natural Impatience of Desire in his Sex, would not suffer him long to continue so: He longed for greater and more substantial Proofs of her Affection than Words could give him; and the Knowledge how much she lov'd him, affording him sufficient Reason to imagine there was nothing she wou'd be able to refuse him, were he in a Condition to require it, made it his Study Night and Day for some Contrivance which might give him an Opportunity of being alone with her.

HE testified the Impatience he was in to see her in every Letter he now wrote to her; but she intreated him with so much Earnestness not to form any Designs of forwarding an Interview, that he was fearful of naming any of the numerous Projects his Brain was continually employ'd in forming; and, indeed, he had yet found none in which

which he could promise himself either Security or Success.

NOT all his Wit, nor the Ardency of his Wishes, were of any Service, till Chance befriending, the God of soft Desires presented him with the Means which had the Appearance of being as lucky as they were unexpected.

HAPPENING one Day to pass by the Back-Gate of the House of the Count *De Soissons*, he saw it open, and several Men go in and out, some with Pots of Flowers, others with Baskets of Earth, and such like Materials for Gardening. — The Sight of this immediately put a Project into his Head; he enquired of some of the Men the Name of the Master Gardener, how long they were to work in this Ground, and several other Questions; of which being inform'd at full, he goes immediately Home, order'd his *Valet de Chambre* to procure for him, with all Speed, a plain Country Habit, in which equipping himself, and fashioning his Address and Manner of Behaviour, according to his Appearance, he doubted not of being taken for what he seem'd: Nor did his Hope deceive him, he went to the Master-Gardener, and offering his Service, was presently hired as a Person fit to be employ'd in that Vocation.

ENTRING the next Day on his new Service, he had the Satisfaction of being within those Walls which enclosed his dear Mistress: He saw the Windows of that Chamber where she pass her sleeping Moments, and travers'd at Pleasure those refresh-

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ing Paths her Steps had blest'd ; but what was more ravishing to his Imagination, was the Hope that he should one Day see the darling Object of his Wishes, little suspicious that her Lover was near, come out and view the rural Architecture of well-order'd Nature.—Every Thing answered as his Desire expected.

THE very first Day the Charmer of his Soul appear'd, and to his Fancy more lovely than ever she had done : She was dress'd in a loose Night Gown of Sky-Blue Taffety, embroider'd with little Moons of Silver, and clasp'd together at the Breast with one of those Jewels he had presented her with.

HER Hair, which was of the most beautiful and attractive Colour imaginable, was restrained from obscuring any Part of her majestick Front by a Fillet of Diamonds ; the rest hung negligently flowing in careless Ringlets o'er her Shoulders.

A Girdle, such as might fitly decypher the Character of the Queen of Love, since it comprised within its slender Bounds, all that was desirable in a female Form, by being carelessly tied round her Waist, discover'd, without seeming to do so, the finest Shape in the World.

To add to all this, there was a certain languishment swimming in her shining Eyes, which discover'd a Mind turn'd all to Love and Softness.

SHE was, indeed, wholly taken up with the idea of *De la Veire* : And not having heard from him these two Days, the Execution of his Project having prevented him from writing, had fix'd on her Impatiency of Thought a tender Perplexity, which softned, as it were, the Fierceness of her natural Glances, and gave a greater Sweetness to her Charms.

SHE talk'd to the Men employ'd in pruning the Trees, and other Employments belonging to Agriculture, with an Ease and Freedom, which denoted her to be of a most excellent Humour.

AFTER some little Discourse with his Fellow-Servants, which he attempted not to join in, least his Voice discovering him, she should be in a Surprise no way agreeable to his Designs, he saw her go into a close Arbor, where having seated herself, with a Voice full of Harmony, he heard her sing these Lines :

With Love's sweet Delights there are none can compare,

When mutual the Flame is found ;

But, Oh ! what Divisions the Bosom does tear,

If Scorn or Neglect does wound ?

*Too lovely Youth, restore then my bleeding Heart,
Nor let me languish in vain ;
For if I no more in your Pleasures have part,
'Tis cruel to leave me the Pain.*

HE had not Patience to suffer her to proceed, but taking a Pot of Earth in his Hand, as if going to fill up some Bank, where he had seen it wanting, he left his Companions, and turning down another Walk, which he found also led to the Arbor, he went unseen by any of them into it, where seeing the Charmer reclined on a fine Seat, in the most Love-inspiring Posture that Fancy can invent, he threw himself on his Knees before her, and with these Words relieved her from the Surprise which that Action had at first involv'd her in.

IT is not, *cry'd he*, the adorable *Lovisa* who should complain of Scorn, Neglect, or the Pains of hopeless Love, these are the Portion of the Wretch who dies to see her, yet is by her Indifference, or too great Caution, denied that Blessing.—*Oh, Heaven ! De la Veire ! interrupted she, with a Mixture of Astonishment and Joy. — Accuse* not this Proceeding, *resumed he*, of Indiscretion, or want of Obedience to your Commands ; for, *Oh !* it was impossible I could in this maintain my Duty.

I must have died, or found this Opportunity of seeing those Perfections, which in Idea are ever present. — My Soul, which hangs eternally about you, would not suffer my Body to remain longer unblest'd.

It reminded me, that in your Presence there were a thousand Joys to be partook, which immaterial Air denied. — It told me, that in the Affairs of Love, a dull Obedience was the greatest Crime, and whisper'd in the Ears of Sense, Go, and be happy ; feast on the Charms which made thee first a Lover ; taste that divine Breath, whose condescending Accents encourag'd thee to hope ; kiss that Hand which sign'd the tender Mandates of thy forgiven Boldnesses ; and press with all the Endearments of unrestrain'd Affection, that has vouchsafed to harbour thee.

THESE Expressions were accompanied with Actions properly adapted to them ; and 'tis highly probable, in the Disposition she then was, that he had compass'd his Intent, and become absolute Master of all he could desire, if the Noise of a Person running hastily down the Walk, had not oblig'd him to return to that Distance which was more becoming the Appearance he had taken on him. It was *Lovisa's* chief Attendant, who entering the Arbor with a good deal of Confusion in her Countenance. — Oh, Madam ! cry'd she, my Lord the Count commands your immediate Presence : — He seems in the utmost Wrath ; — *Amabella* has brought him some News which has rais'd his Fury to the highest Pitch against you.

AND can'st thou not guess at the Occasion ? demanded she. — No, Madam, replied the other, unless it be concerning a young Nobleman, whose Name I heard very often repeated, but never with-

out some dreadful Imprecation. — It is the Son of Count *De la Veire*.

IT is difficult to say which felt the greatest Disorder of Mind at this Intelligence ; *Lovisa*, through her Fears, or *De la Veire*, through his Rage, and the Obligation he was under of restraining it.

THE trembling Maid, compell'd to obey the Calls of Duty, had the Means of taking no other Adieu of him than with her Eyes, whilst his half burst Strings to follow her, 'till the o'er shadowing Trees concealed her from his Sight.

FULL of the most perplexed and terrible Suspence did she come into the Presence of her Father, who regarding her with a furious Look, — How have you dar'd, *said he*, mean and degenerate Girl, to hold a Correspondence with a Man you know my Soul abhors ? — One, who but pretends a Passion, as the surest way to bring Dishonour on a Noble Family, which there was left no other Means to ruin ? — Here the enraged Count fell into the most bitter Invectives against the Female Sex, wishing he had died e'er he had begot a Child of so weak and irresolute a Nature.

POOR *Lovisa*, who knew his Upbraidings just, but could not imagine by what way, or by whom her Secret had been discover'd, intreated on her Knees that he would explain himself.

I will not, *said he*, give you the Satisfaction of knowing which way I became Master of this Secret,

cret, or who was the first Discoverer of your shameful Correspondence with my Enemy.

BUT there, *continued he, throwing her the Letters she had received from De la Veire*, there are the Testimonies which confirm me more than all the Evidences in the World could do, of your abominable Ingratitude, Disobedience and Apostacy from Good.

THESE Words, utter'd with such Vehemence, were so cutting to *Lovisa*, that all the Courage which she endeavour'd to summon up was infinitely too weak to stand this Shock; and the Disorders of her Mind having an Effect on all her Faculties, she lost in a Moment the Use of them, and sunk Motionless at the Feet of her offended Father, who express'd not the least Remorse for the Condition to which his Indignation had reduced her; but immediately ordering her to be taken up, and carried to her own Chamber, left it to others to apply the necessary Means of restoring her to Life, while he retir'd to his Closet, to vent in Secret his Discontent, and consider in what Manner he should proceed with her.

LOUISA being recover'd from her Swoon, desir'd to see her Father; the Surprise by what Means she had been betray'd, being more vexatious to her, if possible, than the Discovery itself; and made her chuse to endure all the Reproaches he could load her with, rather than continue in so perplexing a Dilemma; not doubting, but in a long Conversation with him, she should be able to get some Light into the Truth; but he would not

suffer her to come into his Presence, though she sent several Times to entreat it.

As the informing Spright was in this Part of her Narrative, the Clock struck Four; and it being in that Season of the Year, when the Morning-Star, about that Hour, sends forth her twinkling Beams, the Harbingers of Day, the expecting *Prude* was compell'd to restrain her Curiosity 'till the ensuing Night.

The End of the Third Part.



PART



P A R T IV.



WITH all the natural Impatience of her inquisitive Sex, did the Dream-inform'd Lady long for the Approach of Night, and the Remainder of a History, whose Beginning had fill'd her with the utmost Curiosity ; and tho' she had a vast deal of Company, was at Cards, her favourite Diversion ; nay, what was more, was on the winning-side, she could not forbear looking on her Watch twenty Times in an Hour, and as soon as she saw the Hand draw near the Stroke of Twelve, pretended a sudden Indisposition to excuse her abrupt Departure, and went immediately to Bed ; where Sleep, obliging to her Wishes, no sooner took Possession of her mortal Part, than with the Eyes of Imagination she saw between the opening of the Curtains *Al-majue* appear, who in a clear and intelligible Voice accosted her in these Terms :



The Sequel of the History of DE LA
VEIRE, and LOVISA DE
SOISSONS.



LEFT you last Night, *said the un-*
fear-creating Spright, in a Dilemma,
perhaps, not inferior to that which
the unfortunate *Lovisa* herself could
possibly be involved in, by what
means a Secret which both the
Persons concern'd in it had taken so much care to
preserve, had been divulged ; but I will satisfy your
Curiosity much sooner than Fate allow'd that of hers.

You may remember that when *De la Veire*
was so happy, or rather so unhappy, as to rescue
the lovely *Lovisa* from those Men who were about
to seize her, there was a Lady in the Coach with
her ; she was called *Amabella*, and was a young
Widow of a considerable Fortune in her own Pos-
session : There had been the strictest Intimacy be-
tween her and the Daughter of the Count *De Sois-*
sons from their very Infancy ; and this was it which
alarm'd that afflicted Beauty almost as much
as the Discovery it self, that it should have been
made by her.

S H E

SHE had never trusted her with the Secret of her Correspondence *De la Veire*; but she maintain'd not that Reserve out of any distrust of her Fidelity, but because she was ashamed even to reflect within herself that she had enter'd into such Engagements with a Man who was the declared Enemy of her House.

SHE could not therefore be able to comprehend why a Person who had ever been so dear to her, should unprovoked do her so great an Injury as to betray her to her Father, if any Accident, which also she could not fathom, had put it in her Power.

MANY Conjectures did she form, but none, which, when consider'd, appear'd plausible. She had not the least notion of the Truth; and tho' a Lover, reflected not that the force of that Passion is capable of every thing.

SHE had proved by experience, that it could make Friends of the most inveterate Enemies, yet never once thought that it might possibly be that which had gained her an Enemy of her Friend.

THIS, however, was the reality of the thing: *De la Veire* had not that fatal Night been more captivated by the Charms of *Lovisa*, than *Amabella* had been by the manly Graces of *De la Veire*.

BUT as there is a world of difference between the Effects of that Passion, when operating in a Vir-



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gin-heart, or that which has before experienc'd its sweet Anxieties, she contented not her self, like *Lovisa*, to sigh in Secret, she never rested till she knew the Name of her Conqueror; she frequented all publick Places in the hope of seeing him, and having been so lucky, made her enquiry into every thing of which she desir'd to be inform'd.

BUT all her Endeavours and Penetration being too weak to discover if he had afterwards declared himself to *Lovisa*, she employ'd a Person to watch continually about his Door, to follow him, and observe wherever he went; but all this Assiduity being unsuccessful, she ventur'd to send for his *Valet de Chambre*, whom bribing with a Purse of Gold too weighty for any of his Function to withstand, she prevail'd on him to make her acquainted with as much as he knew of his Master's Affairs; which was, that he had provided him with two different Disguises, but for what design, he was as ignorant as the Person who made this Enquiry had been; for she was now no longer so, *Lovisa* had told her she had bought some Diamonds of a Jeweller who came to offer them to her; and this inquisitive Fair, comparing the time in which her Friend had made that Purchase, with that of *De la Veire's* making use of his Disguise, was presently convinc'd that the pretended Citizen was no other than this young Nobleman.

TO make her yet more certain, she knew that there were Gardiners at work in repairing the fine Banks and Plats of Flowers which compos'd the delightful Prospect of the Gardens of *Soissons*; and to be inform'd that he had on a Dress suitable to that Occupation,

Occupation, put it past all doubt, that he had condescended to become one of those Labourers to obtain an Interview with a Lady, whom she well knew it was impossible for him to entertain in his own.

FULL of all that rage of Temper, which is incident to Love, mix'd with a prideful Pleasure of having it in her Power to destroy the Happiness of a Rival whose Charms were more prevailing than her own, she flew to the House of the Count *De Soissons*, where happening, according to her wish, to find him at home, and alone, she communicated to him what she had been inform'd of by the treacherous *Valet*; adding withal, that it being evident, by his repeated Visits, that he had found encouragement from *Lovisa*, it was highly probable there might be Letters which might give a more full account of their Proceedings.

BY her Advice therefore, he broke open the Cabinet of the unsuspecting *Lovisa*, and, as *Amabella* had imagin'd, saw, there indeed a confirmation of all she had told him.

DISTRACTION scarce comes up to what he felt in this Discovery; and it was as much as the remonstrances of his Reason, and the persuasions of *Amabella* could do, to keep him from running into the Garden, and Sacrificing that moment to his Resentment the Life of *De la Veire*: But cool Reflection showing him the indiscretion and danger of such a rash Proceeding, he consented to take no other Revenge than depriving him for ever after of the sight of a Person, who, if the Letters of a Man in
Love

Love are to be credited, was all which made Life pleasing to him.

H E sent speedily for *Lovisa*, in the manner I last Night related, and after having vented some part of his Rage on her, retir'd to his Closet to consider what method he should take to rid his House of so hateful a Guest as *Dela Veire*, without proclaiming that he knew he had been there; or that his Daughter had relax'd any Part of that Inveteracy from which he look'd on it as the highest Crime to swerve.

B U T he would not have taken any thought on this score, had he known on what excitement *Annabella* had acted; that Lady, not less industrious to preserve the Life, than she had been to ruin the Love of *De la Veire*, dreading the return of that violence of Temper which she had lately seen in the Count *de Soissons*, after she had taken her Leave of him, went into the Garden, where looking attentively in the Faces of those who were employ'd in cultivating it, soon discover'd from the rest a Form which had so much charm'd her; and calling him some Paces distant from his Fellows as if to show her something. My Lord, *said she*, you are discover'd; I beg you will make all possible haste from a Place where you are in the power of so implacable an Enemy as the Count *de Soissons*.

N O R if you would not have your Love fatal to her where 'tis given, attempt not to see *Lovisa*, till you hear either from her or me, that you may do it with safety.

IT was not that *De la Veire* fear'd the Sword of the Count *De Soissons*, but that he dreaded an encounter with the Father of *Lovisa*, which made him comply with this advice; besides the shame of being caught in a Disguise so unworthy of his Quality, had no small prevalency with him to persuade him to be gone.

HE thank'd the Lady for the Caution she had given in Terms full of Gratitude and Respect; for as yet he knew not that it was to her he was indebted for the betraying him; nor that she was the *Amabella* whom he had heard *Lovisa's* Woman inform her had been the occasion of the Count's displeasure.

THUS far had this malicious Woman's Plots succeeded according to her desires; but the main business was yet to do: She had brought about a Separation between the Lovers, but the Heart of *De la Veire* was still devoted to *Lovisa*; she had deprived him but of the *Power*, not the *Will*, to give her the utmost Proofs of it.

THE means of estranging their Minds as well as Bodies, must be found out, before she could promise herself any satisfaction for the Pains she had been at, and when she reflected how little probability there was of doing that, she grew the most discontented Creature on Earth.

As she was, however, continually contriving, continually meditating, her experience of the Temper of Mankind, made her repent all she had done; she

she began to think, that if she had suffer'd *De la Veire* to prosecute his Amour uninterrupted, he might have obtained those Condescensions of *Louisa* which might have render'd it more easy to have made an Impression on him in favour of another Object.

MEN, she knew, are seldom constant to the Charms they have enjoy'd: 'tis the untasted Beauty which gives a Vigour to Inclination; and had he once gratified his Desires with the possession of *Louisa*, there would indeed have been a greater probability that his Eyes would have been open to the perfections of her Rival.

WRETCH, that I am, cry'd she to her self, I have undone my own Hopes; I ought in prudence to have let her been enjoy'd, before I had made any Efforts to have depriv'd her of her Lover.

HAVING taken it once into her head, that she had proceeded wrong, the more she consider'd on it, the more she found it consonant to Reason; and fully convinced that all Endeavours to make an Impression on *De la Veire* would be in vain, 'till after the gratification of his present Passion; she resolv'd, grating as such a Task was to her Soul, to bring it about, if by any means it could be done.

THE Discovery she had made to the Count *De Soissons*, render'd her a very great Favourite with him.

SHE took all imaginable care to improve the Confidence he had in her; and by pretending a Pity for

for *Lovisa*, and expressing a desire to visit her, (for she had ever since been confin'd to her Chamber, without any Person whatsoever permitted to see her) she prevail'd on him to give her entrance, not doubting, as he told her, but that she would advise her to Obedience, and a Forgetfulness of a Man whom of all the World she ought never to have thought on but with detestation.

YOUR Lordship may be well assur'd, *answer'd this cunning Woman*, that I who could break through all the Friendship between *Lovisa* and my self, to reveal the Engagements I found she was entering into with this Enemy of her House, will omit nothing which may serve to convince her of the Error she has been in, and prevail on her to behave for the future, in such a manner as may restore her to your Favour.

AND as nothing but the Considerations of her Glory, should have made me betray her Secret, I hope she has yet Remains of Good-will for me, which will oblige her to listen to what I say.

YOUR Behaviour is in every thing like a Woman of Honour and Generosity, *reply'd the Count*, and she will very much increase the Displeasure I have toward her, if she receives you not as the sincerest and the best of Friends.

WITH these Words he called the Servant to whom he had given the charge of *Lovisa*, and order'd her to admit this Lady.

IT is not to be doubted, but that this injured Beauty felt at the first sight of her, all the Indignation her Soul was capable of conceiving, but the other was prepared for it, and putting a stop to the Reproaches she was beginning to make. I know, *said she*, that I appear the most cruel Incendiary imaginable.

YOU have, doubtless, been told, that I reveal'd the Secret of your Correspondence with *De la Veire*, to your Father, and hate me for my supposed Ill-nature; but before I give you any Reasons for my acting in this manner, I would have you guess by what means it came to be in my Power.

THAT, I must confess, *reply'd Lovisa*, is what extremely puzzles me; but be it as it will, you ought not to have resent'd so far my not making you a Confidant in the Affair, that if any Accident betray'd it to you, you should expose me to the Displeasure of a Father whom you well know is not easy to forgive.

YOU argue with justice, Madam *resum'd the Fair Politition*, and how little soever I was honour'd with your Confidence, should have preserv'd the Chance-discover'd Secret with the same Care as if I had been trusted with it, were I not certain that the Count *De Soissons* must have been made sensible of it, tho' I had been dumb for ever.

I chose therefore, *continued she*, my dear *Lovisa*! to appear your *Enemy*, that I might gain the opportunity of proving how much I am your *Friend*; and under the Notion of having been *betray'd* your Love, find the means of *promoting* it.

I N fine, by this seeming Treachery to you, I have wound myself so far into the good Graces of the Count, that it will be in my power to procure you an Interview with *De la Veire*, whenever you shall desire it ; to convey your Letters to him, and bring his Answers ; and make you as happy, as an uninterrupted Correspondence with the Man you love, can do.

'T I S difficult to determine whether Surprize or Joy was most predominant in the Mind of *Lovisa* at these Words ; but her Silence demonstrated the Force of one, as her Embraces did of the other.

A S soon as she had recover'd her Speech, Dear, dear *Amabella*, said she, is it possible you can be thus good ! You, from whom I have conceal'd with as much Care the Mystery of my unhappy Passion, as from those on whose Good-nature I had the least reason to rely.

B U T do not think, continued she, that the Caution I made use of, was owing to any distrust of your Fidelity.

N O, it was only because I fear'd your superior Wit and Judgment would not be brought to approve a Correspondence so contrary to Reason, and which had in it so little Probability of ever being fortunate ; but which in spite of all the Obstacles in my way, I knew I had not Resolution to break off.

A F T E R this, she proceeded to enquire into the Means by which the History of her Love for
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De la Veire had been made known ; which the other satisfied her in, by a Story she had invented for the purpose, of some Person unacquainted with any thing of *Lovisa*, but her Name, that she said had seen *De la Veire* enter the House of the Count *De Soissons* in disguise ; that the known Enmity between them, had given a Visit from him in that manner, too much the Air of an Intrigue, not to have it censur'd as such ; and there being no other Person in the Family with whom he cou'd be suspected to have been charm'd, her Name must of necessity be mention'd in the Affair.

THAT she had heard the Discourse at two or three Tea-Tables, and was grown so much the common Chat, that she could not suppose but that it would, in a little time, reach the Ears of the Count, for which Reason, *said she*, I resolv'd to be the first who related it ; having good cause to imagine, that if I had not, the long Intimacy between us would have rendred me a Person too much suspected to have been permitted to see you, and by that means you would have wanted both a Companion whom you might depend on, or an Adviser, who can have no other Interest in what she does, than to oblige and make you happy.

THE deceived *Lovisa* was perfectly satisfied with what she said, renew'd her Embraces, and testified by a thousand obliging Expressions, the Sense she had of her imagin'd Friendship.

AFTER which they pass'd a long time together in discourse of the Perfections of *De la Veire* ; and *Lovisa* found so much pleasure in this Entertainment,

ment, that she told *Amabella*, laughing, that she had been sufficiently punish'd for not having made her the Confidante of her Amour, in being deprived of so many felicitous Moments as she might have enjoy'd, in talking of that Charmer of her Soul.

THE other, however reminding her, that it would neither be kind to herself, nor Lover, if she neglected this opportunity of writing to him, she sat down to her *Escritore*, and having prepared a Letter, gave it to her, who assur'd her she would have it convey'd to his Hands with all secrecy and speed.

IT would be no way material to the Story, *said the Spirit of Almajue*, to repeat to you the Contents of this Letter; it shall suffice to tell you, that it was full of Love, mix'd with Acknowledgments of the Obligation both seem'd to have to the cunning and designing *Amabella*, and such as were extremely pleasing to her who was to be the bearer of them.

HER Deceits thus having their desir'd effect on the credulous *Lovisa*, she prosecuted them with more Courage on the Count: She told him, she had found his Daughter in the most Pity-moving Condition imaginable; that she fear'd her Restraint, join'd to her secret Discontents, might be of worse consequence than he at present imagin'd, and intreated him with so much earnestness to abate his Severity, that he consented, if it could be done without any danger of her seeing or corresponding with the hated *De la Veire*.

To prevent that, then *said the artful Amabella*, permit her to retire with me, for some few Days,

Days, to a little *Villa* ; I have about seven Leagues from hence, your Lordship may depend on my Care to prevent the Ill you apprehend ; and also that I will make it my chief study to divert her from those Thoughts, which, if left alone to indulge, may be fatal to her Reason, if not her Life.

THE Count paus'd a little on what she said, but found nothing in the Request but what appear'd the Effects of Friendship and good-nature, assur'd her of his compliance, and that *Lovisa* should attend her whenever she thought it proper to take that little Journey.

EXULTING now at her inventive Genius, she went home, and having sent for *De la Veire* to come privately to her, deliver'd him the Letter which *Lovisa* had written to him ; the Contents of that gaining her as much Credit with him, as she found with the Count *De Soissons*, and his beautiful Daughter.

SHE acquainted him how she had prevailed on him to let *Lovisa* accompany her to her *Villa* ; and telling him that she would inform him the Day they set out, to the end that he might be there in a very little time after them, put this truly affectionate Lover into such a Transport of Joy, as made him say and do a thousand things to this fair Friend, which would have been infinitely obliging to her, had they been on her own account ; but as the promoting his Interest with a Rival had occasion'd them, they gave a Pain instead of Pleasure ; and unable to endure the secret Anguish of her smother'd Passion, she broke off the Conversation as soon as possible, telling him

it was best for him to depart, because should any one who knew him, happen to come in, it might cause discourses no way to the advantage of their Designs.

H E bowed, and obey'd that moment, after he had engag'd her to deliver a Letter to *Lovisa*, in answer to that he had receiv'd from her.

H E was no sooner gone, than she endeavour'd to drown the Vexation for the Happiness she was about to give her Rival in the hurry of preparing for it.

F O R as it is impossible for Ladies of Quality and Gaiety, to travel the least way without having occasion for a vast number of Moveables, she had business to give orders to her Woman what things she would have pack'd up, and what should be left behind.

B U T if this weighty Business serv'd as the Employment of the Day, Night and Solitude brought a Thousand tormenting Ideas to her Mind, when she consider'd that she had no other hope of possessing *De la Veire*, than what arose from the possibility of his being cloy'd with the enjoyment of *Lovisa*; and that it was to his Inconstancy alone she could expect to be indebted for the blessing of his Affection, she was almost mad.

T H E thoughts of the felicitous Moments they were to pass together by her means, was near making her recant all she had said, and resolve to endure for ever the Pangs of secret Love, rather than

go through so severe a Purgatory, to arrive at the Heaven of her Desires.

BUT when these Reflections had spent their force, others as pleasing as these had been the contrary, took their turn.

IMAGINATION presented to her Mind's Eye, the sight of *Lovisa* forsaken, desolate and bewailing her want of Charms to hold the Heart she had subdued, cursing the Ingratitude and Falshood of *De la Veire*, and vainly suing for his return of Love.

THEN, said this cruel Woman to her self, transported with the rapturous Image of her Rival's Ruin, how dearly will she pay for those short-liv'd Delights I now procure her.

How much less shocking is it never to have had, than to have lost? And I but enhance the Misery of her approaching Fate, by giving her a Taste of Pleasures she no more must know.

IN this disorder'd manner did she pass the Night; but the Prosecution of the Design she had form'd, being the last thing in her Thoughts, she rose, and as soon as she was dress'd, went to the House of the Count *De Soissons*; where meeting with him at home, she told him she was making Preparations for the Country, if he continued his resolution of permitting his Daughter to accompany her.

HE assur'd her, that he thought himself infinitely oblig'd by her requesting it; and that she should go
the

the moment she sent word she was ready to begin her Journey.

To make every thing appear more plausible, she entreated he would send those of his own Servants, in whom he had most Confidence, to be a Guard on her Actions: But he would not suffer that, as believing it might be incommodious.

HE assur'd her, he durst repose a greater Trust, if possible such a Thing could be, in her Care; and therefore entreated she would suffer her to be attended by those of her Family. *Amabella* yielded with a seeming Unwillingness; but secretly rejoic'd to find Fortune, even in the most trivial Matters, so much a Friend to the pernicious Scheme she had laid.

FROM him she pass'd to the Appartment where *Lovisa* was confin'd; the Doors being now open'd to her without scruple, she communicated to her the Grant she had received from the Count, and deliver'd her the Epistle of her Lover. Which of these two Comforts she was most sensible of, is uncertain; but both together fill'd her with a Satisfaction which no Tongue is able to represent.

NOTHING of Consequence happening 'till they had left the City, I shall proceed to their Journey, which was equally pleasing to them both, tho' for vastly different Reasons.

WHEN they arriv'd at the *Villa*, scarce had *Amabella* welcom'd her new Guest, before a Servant came to acquaint her, that a strange Gentle-

G

man

man desir'd to speak with her: She went to receive him, and presently after return'd, led by *De la Veire*, whom she made pass in the Family for a Relation of hers, that was lately come from Travel, and call'd him *Philledor*.

IT would be needless to go about to describe the Raptures of these Lovers, now at free Liberty to say to each other all that their Souls were full of; or the Pain it gave *Amabella*, to be witness of their mutual Tenderneſs: She was resolv'd, however, to endure it as little as possible; and her Buſineſs being not to restrain, but to indulge the Violence of their present Ardor, she pretending some domestic Affairs, left them to themselves, and withdrew.

BUT *De la Veire* was possess'd of a Passion too respectful to make any other Use of her Absence, than in such Declarations of his Affection, as were agreeable to the most strict Rules of Modesty and Virtue.

AMABELLA, at her Return, perceiv'd it, and fretted to find him so backward in accomplishing his and her own Desires. — They talk'd of being privately married, and intreated her to procure them a Priest, on whose Secrecy they might depend. — How vexatious this was to her, any one may judge. She durst not, however, seem to oppose it, but promis'd she would do her utmost to find such a one, tho' she said it would be difficult.

DE la Veire had form'd a Story to his Father, which excus'd his Absence for some Days; yet did he not, in all that Time, attempt any Familiarities with *Lovisa*, of the Nature for which *Ama-bella* had been at so much Pains to bring them together, and fail'd not to give him all imaginable Opportunity.

THIS ill Success of her Design, join'd to the Mortification of seeing the respectful Tenderneſſes with which he treated her, made her resolve to part them for ever, ſince they enjoy'd not each other's Society in the Manner ſhe wiſh'd.

SHE was walking in her Garden one Day, ruminating by what Methods ſhe ſhould proceed, when ſhe ſaw, in a cloſe Grotto, the amiable *Lovisa* lie ſtretch'd at her whole Length faſt aſleep, and in the moſt tempting and love-inſpiring Poſture that Fancy can invent.

WOULD to Heaven, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, that *De la Veire* were now in my Place, to ſee her thus, would certainly baniſh from his Mind that fooliſh Awe, which has ſo long depriv'd him of the Happineſs he longs for, and me of the Intent for which I brought him here.

SHE had ſcarce finiſh'd theſe Words, when ſhe ſaw him walking at a little Diſtance from her. She went directly toward him, and accoſting him with a gay Air, Is it Chance, or Deſign, my Lord! that brings you here? ſaid ſhe.

HAS *Lovisa* been condescending enough to make an Appointment of meeting you in this Retirement? Or, is it to your good Stars alone, that you are indebted, for conducting you to her at a Time so favourable for your Purpose? If she be here, Madam, *answer'd he*, I protest I owe the Intelligence to yourself.

BUT, *continued he*, as you have been so good to inform me in Part, compleat the Favour, and direct my Search, which, among the various Turnings of these Gardens, may be otherwise at a Loss.

THAT Path, *resumed she*, pointing towards the Grotto, will conduct you to the sleeping Chamber, who is, perhaps this Moment dreaming of Joys, which *De la Veire* has been yet too humble, and too cold a Lover to afford her the Possession of in Reality.

THIS Reproach made him, to whom 'twas given, blush extremely; but not doubting but that something *Lovisa* had said had been the Occasion of it, resolv'd no longer to deserve it; and after a little Pause, — I should be sorry, Madam, *rejoin'd he*, to incur this way the Raillery of the Ladies; and, for the future, shall study to amend my Conduct. — Do so, *cry'd Amabella*, laughing; 'tis your own Fault that you are not as happy as you wish: Remember that

“ ——— in Love there is a Time,

“ When dull Obedience is the greatest Crime.

IN speaking these Words, she turn'd hastily away ; the Shame of becoming his Prompter in such an Affair, join'd to her Impatience of having it accomplish'd, not permitting any longer Conversation.

SHE went directly into the House, and he, with as much Haste as the Surprize he was in at the Behaviour of *Amabella* would permit him, toward the Grotto ; where he no sooner arriv'd, than he beheld his beautiful Mistress in such a Position, as, without the Assistance of his fair Adviser's Remonstrances, might have made all his Respect give way to the Violence of an over-powering Passion.

SHE was still sleeping, and the Heat of the Weather having made her unfasten the Diamond Clasp with which the Jacket, or Waistcoat, which she wore in a Morning, was usually clos'd, all the Beauties of her Neck and Bosom were expos'd to the adoring Gazer.

SOME Moments he pass'd in Contemplation of that Heaven of Charms with which his Eyes were now so fully feasted ; but soon the other Senses claim'd their Part of Gratification.

HE knelt down by her, and softly laid his Face upon her heaving Breast ; but soon the too eager Pressure of his glowing Lips, unloos'd the Bands of Sleep. Half-waking, and as yet not knowing to what she ow'd this sweet Disturbance, nor recollecting in what Place she was, she remov'd that

Arm, on which before her Head had been reclin'd,
and threw it round his Neck.

DOUBLY inspir'd and encourag'd by that
Action, he drew closer still, and snatching her
with the now ungovernable Force of the most
fierce Desire, proceeded to such Liberties as wholly
dissolved the Spell of the lethargic God.

REASON and Thought return'd, brought with
them a Mixture of Surprise, of Fear, and Shame.
—She chid the Boldness of his Behaviour, —
struggled to get loose, — conjur'd him to desist;
nay, threatned never to forgive an Attempt so
presuming : ——— But, alas! in what Manner
did she do all this! ——— Her Eyes declared a
Softness, which render'd her Words of no Effect:
Nor had they sparkled with more Severity, had she
indeed been resolute to oppose him.

IT was not now in his Power, all on Fire
with the dangerous Freedoms he had taken, and
wild and raving for Possession, to have forbore
making use of his superior Strength, to combat
with her Resistance, and by Force compleat the
racking Extacy

BUT these are Particulars on which it is not
proper to dwell too much. In fine, she was what
the World calls undone; and he, triumphant in
the Spoils of violated Chastity, and the full Ac-
complishment of all those Joys impatient Youth
can wish, or Beauty yield.

AMABELLA,

AMABELLA, who waited their Return with Perturbations proportion'd to the Scheme she had laid, no sooner saw them, than she perceiv'd enough of Contentment in his Eyes, and Shame in hers, to be assur'd *De la Veire* had taken her Advice ; and that the Success had answer'd to her Expectation.

To make her more confirm'd also, *Lovisa*, press'd with greater Fervency than usual, that she would provide a Priest for the uniting her for ever, with her beloved *De la Veire* ; and he appear'd less eager in that Request : Not that he had, indeed, any dishonourable Intentions toward *Lovisa*, or that he lov'd her with less Tenderness for having enjoy'd her ; but the present Hurry of Desire being over, he consider'd with more Sedateness on the Risque he ran of marrying so much to the Reverse of his Father's Inclination, in case it should be discover'd, than his Impatience for Possession would give him Leave to do before.

To make *Lovisa*, however, more easy in the Reflection on what had befallen her, and continue to afford him all the Gratifications he could ask, in order to make the too often repeated Delight lose all its Relish, and render her the most miserable and undone Wretch on Earth, this cruel Woman kept her still in Expectation of the Arrival of a *Fryar*, whom she told her she had sent for from a far distant Place, and on whose Fidelity she could depend ; but to *De la Veire* she spoke in a widely different Manner, whenever they were alone.

WHY, my Lord, *said she*, should you be solicitous for the Performance of a Ceremony, which, if I am not very much mistaken, can add nothing to the Happiness you are already possess'd of; and if divulg'd, may involve you both in an irreparable Ruin. For my Part, if I were worthy to advise, it would be to defer your Marriage, 'till one or both your Fathers shall be past the Power of revenging so great a Breach of your Obedience.

I have already profited too much by your Counsels, amiable *Amabella*, *reply'd De la Veire*, not to acquiesce with every Thing you say; but I fear you will find it difficult to persuade *Lovisa* to be as compliable.

I will not attempt to convince her, *resum'd she*; I know too well her Obstinacy, — but can easily deceive her, by putting off the coming of the *Fryar* from Time to Time, whom in reality I have never yet sent for; nor will, unless your Lordship compels me to it, by assuring me that nothing but being the Husband of *Lovisa*, can make you happy.

THERE is little in the Name, Madam, *answer'd he*; and while by your Goodness I continue in Possession of the more substantial Blessings of that State, should think it Madness to venture any Thing for the Shadow.

THESE Answers were perfectly satisfactory to *Amabella*; and perceiving every Day a visible Decline

cline in the Vigour of his Affections, she began to imagine that the most difficult Part of her Task was accomplish'd, and resolv'd therefore to put a Period to the envied Contentment of her Rival.

To which End, she feign'd a Letter, calling her to Town on a sudden and unexpected Business; she communicated the Contents of it to the Lovers, expressing an infinite Concern at being obliged to give this Interruption to their Happiness: For she said, it would be no way agreeable to the Care she had promis'd the Count *De Soissons* to take of her, if she should leave her behind in the Country; but to sweeten this Misfortune, assur'd her of a speedy Return.——And by that Time, 'tis probable, *said she*, the Fryar, whom you so much wish for, may also be arriv'd.

LOVISA could not forbear testifying with what Reluctance she parted from *De la Veire*, by a Torrent of Tears; which he fail'd not to endeavour to dry up, by all the tender Expressions he was capable of making.

AMABELLA soon making ready for her Departure, they all set out for the Town, and *De la Veire* took Leave on the Borders of it, of his weeping Mistress, for a much longer Time than either of them imagin'd.

AFTER which, the Chariot of *Amabella* drove to the House of the Count *De Soissons*, where she surrender'd up her Charge; telling him, as she had done his Daughter, that an extraordinary Business had oblig'd her to leave the Country so soon; and

privately advising him to renew his Watchfulness over *Lovisa*, for that being far from cured of her amorous Inclinations to *De la Veire*, she would certainly make use of her utmost Wit, either to write to him, or see him.

THE old Count appear'd full of Gratitude for the Caution she gave him, and immediately remanded *Lovisa* to her Chamber, under the Observation of that Servant who had before been her Guardian.

THUS did this treacherous Woman receive Thanks from those by whom she merited only to be curs'd ; and while she was the Betrayer and most bitter Enemy of *Lovisa's* Virtue, and Peace of Mind, was look'd on as the Preserver of the one, and Consolation of the other. Never had any one more Cause to pride herself in successful Mischief, than had this subtle Incendiary.

BUT to return to my Story, *Lovisa* thus ruin'd, and secur'd from being any Interruption to the Design she had in Hand ; she return'd in three or four Days to her Country-Seat, having first sent a Letter to *De la Veire*, desiring him to repair thither with all possible Expedition. At the Receipt of which, not doubting but *Lovisa* had accompanied her, as was resolv'd at parting, he made all the Haste imaginable to obey the expected Summons.

BUT how greatly was he amaz'd and disappointed, when being arriv'd at the *Villa*, *Amabella* met him in the Hall, and told him, that a sudden Change

Change in the Humour of the Count *De Soissons*, had prevented him from suffering his Daughter to come with her.—— I had not Time, *said she*, the Alteration of his Designs so much confounded me, to give you Notice of this unlook'd-for Misfortune.

DE la Veire look'd with some Concern at these Tidings ; but the Time in which he came, not permitting him to return with any Convenience, join'd with *Amabella's* Invitation, made him, without any Difficulty, resolve to pass that Night at her House.

Now was the Exigence which requir'd the Master-piece of her Cunning. *De la Veire* look'd on her as the Friend of *Lovisa*, the Person by whose Means he had obtain'd the Enjoyment of that Lady, and she could not imagine, that if he were inclin'd, as she could wish him, he would dare to make known his Desires, without some Encouragement that they would not be unwelcome.

ALL Supper-time, therefore, she entertain'd him with Discourses on the Force of Love, and the wonderful Effects it had produced in all Ages.

AFTER which, they went to Cards, *Picquet* was the Game ; but before they began, What Stakes, Madam ? *said he*. Kisses, I think, my Lord ! *reply'd she* ; and if I lose, *Lovisa* shall pay the Score : —— But if you are the Winner, *re-sumed he with an Air of, at that Time, unmeaning Gallantry*, by whom must you be paid ? Nor will it be fair, that I should wait so long for the Payment

ment of a just Debt, as 'till I see that Lady. — I think, therefore, we ought, as Gamesters usually do, to deposite the Stakes before the Decision of the Game ; for my Part, I shall be no Niggard of mine.

WITH these Words he rose from his Seat, and taking her in his Arms, half ravish'd three or four Kisses from her Lips. Remember, Madam, *cry'd he*, that if I have the good Fortune to conquer, I shall expect these doubled back. — Well, well, *reply'd she, laughing*, the Vanquish'd must obey.

WITH this, they cut for Dealing, the Lot fell to *De la Veire* ; but tho' she had all the Advantage the Cards could give, she was wholly incapable of taking it, and he was Forty the first Hand. You will have your Point, *said she*, and there is no resisting you. — I should then be a happy Man, indeed, *rejoin'd he*.

WITH these kind of *Double-Entenders* did she entertain him while the Game continued ; and he must have been as ignorant as he was really discerning, not to have perceiv'd that her Thoughts were not set on Play. He being the Winner, demanded his Stake, and that of hers, which the Fortune of the Cards had made his due.

I told you before, *said she, putting him back faintly*, that I would make an Assignment to *Louisa*. — I never trust on these Scores, Madam, *answer'd he, struggling with her*, and if you refuse to discharge a Debt of Honour by fair Means, must have Recourse to Force,

WELL,

WELL, *resumed she*, 'tis dangerous jesting with you Men, when a favourite Mistress is not present. Were *Lovisa* here now, you durst not take the Freedom; and if I had the Pride of some of my Sex, I should not, perhaps, permit you to indulge yourself in Liberties with me, which I am sensible you are but excited to by the Thoughts of her.

IF I were so devoted to her, *answer'd he*, as to be insensible of any other Charms than those she is Mistress of, I should rather sit pensive and regretful of the Disappointment I have met with in her Absence.—But this is not the first Time, Madam, that you have reproach'd me with Coldness, and I should indeed make good that Character, if having the Opportunity of being alone with so fine a Woman as *Amabella*, I employ'd it in Reflections on any other.

OH, Heavens! *cry'd she, with an Air of visible Affectation*, you would not sure offer to think on me with any Thing more than Indifference.—But if you should, I shall not trust myself with so dangerous a Temptation, and will therefore bid you farewell for this Night.——You will not leave me, *cry'd he, endeavouring to stay her*.——Indeed I must, *reply'd she*, I design to bathe to Night, and my Maids have told me an Hour ago, that all the Things are ready.

WITH these Words she rang a little Silver Bell which hung near her, and her Woman immediately entring,——Lead to the Bathing-Room,
said

said she ; and as she went out of the Room, cast a Look back on *De la Veire*, which would have sufficiently inform'd him, if her Behaviour before had not done it, that she fled with no other Intent than to be pursued to a Place more convenient for an amorous Rendezvous.

AMABELLA had Wit and Beauty, and our young Lover was not so entirely taken up with *Lovisa*, but that he had a Vacancy in his Heart for a kind Mistress, possess'd of the Qualifications this Lady was.

IN short, she judg'd right ; those Charms, which before his Enjoyment of *Lovisa* were not observ'd, now shone in their full Vigour. The Ragings of Desire for that young Beauty being appeas'd by Fruition, if he was not what may be call'd in Love with *Amabella*, he extremely liked her, and fancied that in her Society he might find enough to console him for the Absence of *Lovisa*.

HE resolv'd, at least, to try ; and there being nothing of that regardful Awe, which had made her railly him on the Score of the other, to intercept the Progress of his Desires in this Amour, he thought of nothing but how to compleat it handsomely. There required not much Study. She had told him she was going to bathe ; he was enough acquainted with the House, to know where that Marble Convenience was plac'd, and was more than half confident she expected him there.

HE therefore quitted the Hall where they had been at play, and taking two or three Turns in the Gallery, at the End of which was the Descent into the Bathing-Room ; to the End that he might observe the coming in, or going out of her Attendants, he took his Opportunity, when he found they were dismiss'd, of going softly down, where, thro' a Glass-door, he saw *Amabella* lying on a Couch, in the most languishing, and Desire-inspiring Posture in the World.

SHE seem'd just risen from the Bath ; she was quite naked, but for a Mantle of Rose-colour'd Sattin, carelessly thrown over one Shoulder ; her Neck, her Breast, her fine proportion'd Limbs, were all expos'd to view ; her swimming Eyes, and glowing Cheeks, denoted she abundantly experienc'd in her own Heart, the Wishes she created in another's ; and with which he was too warmly actuated, to waste many Moments in a distant Admiration : He put his Hand to the Door, which not being made fast, yielded to his Touch, and flying open, gave him Admittance to the Scene of Bliss.

SHE affected not to be sensible who 'twas that entred, and feigning to take him for one of the Maid-Servants, ——— What means this Interruption ? *said she.* Did I not tell you, I should devote an Hour or two to Thought and Contemplation, and command you not to approach 'till I call'd ?

FOR-

FORGIVE the Impatience of a Creditor, *answer'd he*, whose Wants oblige him to demand immediate Payment. You know on what Bargain we sat down to Cards, and that I have not yet receiv'd one half of what is due to me on that Score.

FYE ! *cry'd she*, in a Transport, which not all her Artifice could enable her to conceal ; you would not sure desire the Remainder at such a Time as this. ——— Consider, I am undress'd ; naked, in a manner ; alone, and 'tis Midnight. What Opinion would you have of me, should I permit you to tarry with me at such a Season, and Disadvantage ?

THE most generous, *reply'd he*, that a faithfully enamour'd Heart can have of the Beauty he adores. These Words were accompanied by Actions, and follow'd by others easy to be guess'd at, and adapted to the present Emotions of his Desire.

IF Extasy, wound up to the highest Pitch that Passion knows, is to be bless'd, this Pair were so compleatly. The unexpected Joy, added to the Greatness of it in *De la Veire*, as did the Pains she had taken to arrive at it, endear it to *Amabella* ; both were equally transported, both equally confess'd the unrival'd Power of the soft God, and aided the melting Inspiration.

FOR many Days and Nights did they remain unsatiated with the amorous Entertainment ; and, perhaps had not separated so soon, had not News
of

of the sudden Death of Count *De la Veire* oblig'd the young Gentleman to appear in Town, to order the Ceremony of his Father's Funeral, and take Possession of his Title and Estate; which he was scarce well settled in, before he received a Letter from *Lovisa*, acquainting him that she was with Child; that her Misfortune, by the old Woman appointed to attend her, had been perceiv'd, and also discover'd to the Count *De Soissons*; that, enrag'd at such an Accident, by a drawn Dagger pointed at her Breast, he had compell'd her to confess the whole Truth of all; which rather heightning than any way abating his Indignation, he had made her that Moment fall a Sacrifice, had he not been prevented by the Woman who had betray'd the Secret to him: But that she hourly expected when she should receive from his Hands, the Punishment of her Disobedience and Folly.

HAD Love himself been the Dictator of this Epistle, it could not have been written in Terms more soft, more tender, or more moving; nor have had a greater Effect on him to whom it was directed.

ALL the Passion he had formerly felt for this Charmer, and which his Intrigue with *Amabella* had but smother'd, not extinguish'd, now blaz'd up in its first Force, at the Knowledge of her Distress: And being, by the Death of his Father, perfectly Master of his own Actions, resolv'd to do his utmost to convert her Complainings into Joy and Satisfaction.

H E

HE went to the House of the Count *De Saisons*, and the Considerations of his Love humbling all his Pride, he fell at his Feet, entreating he would not revenge on him the Crime of his Ancestors ; that he wish'd nothing so much as a Reconciliation between their Families ; and had been so far from entertaining any Designs to the Prejudice of *Lovisa's* Virtue, that he look'd on himself as her Husband, and her Honour as his own.

IN fine, he pleaded with such Success, that the Count, obstinate as he was, could not long be deaf to his Reasons. — He pardon'd all that was past, consented to their Marriage ; and when he reflected on the uncommon Proof of Love the young Count had given, began to think his Daughter the happiest of her Sex.

HE now lov'd him with as much Zeal and Sincerity as he had formerly hated him. — All the Relations and Friends, of both Parties, rejoic'd at so bless'd an Union ; and none but the treacherous *Amabella* had reason to repine.

THIS Lady had made use of all the Stratagems which either Love or Resentment could inspire her with, to break off this Marriage ; but all being ineffectual, the Sight of her Rival's Felicity, and the daily Fears she was in, that *De la Veire* would expose what had past between them to his Wife, and thro' her Jealousy it should become a publick Discourse, made her resolve to quit the World, and bid adieu for ever to Intrigue. — She chose for her Asylum the College of *Benedictines* ; but
how

how long these grave Thoughts had any Prevalence with her, I shall To-morrow Night inform you.

HERE ceas'd the nocturnal Intelligence, and swift as Lightning from the opening Heavens, shot from the Place, and left no Tracts behind, but what were printed in the Memory of the wandering *Prude*.

The End of the Fourth Part.



R A R T



PART V.



EVER did vain Coquette expect the Addresses of a new Adorer, nor wishing Bridegroom the Approach of Night, with greater Impatience, than did our *Prude* the promis'd Visit of her aerial Intelligence: At length approach'd the long-wish'd-for Moment, when she appear'd, and to her attentive Soul thus disclos'd the whole Secret of *Amabella's* Woes.

The History of AMABELLA, and the agreeable Father CLEOMONT.



EVER Woman had a greater Share of Wit and Spirit, than had this Lady; and, indeed, the too great Affluence of the latter, was the Source of both her Faults and Misfortunes: It made her extreme in all her Passions, violent in the Pursuit of her Desires, and impatient in any Disappointment of them.

NOR was it so much the Grief she conceiv'd at having lost a Lover, so agreeable as *De la Veire*, as the Vexation it gave her haughty Mind, to find it past her Power to break off his Marriage with *Lovisa*, which occasion'd her retiring into the Monastery.

BUT Tempers of this Sort, tho' they suffer violently for a Time, suffer not so long as those which reflect with less Vehemence. Extremes are never lasting; nor, indeed, is it possible: For that Spirit which should perpetuate the Passion, of what kind soever it be, evaporates, and flies off,
when

when indulg'd to a Pitch of Extravagance. Terrible at first were the Emotions of *Amabella's* Rage, her Grief, and her Despair ; she curs'd Mankind, resolv'd to love no more, shunn'd all Society, and vow'd to shut herself from the World for ever.

BUT, alas ! this was the Determination of no more than a few Weeks ; those Discontents which had oblig'd her to make it, abating by Degrees, her former Vivacity return'd, and all those Sentiments which were no way agreeable to the dull Rules of a Monastick Life.

AGAIN she long'd for Pleasure ; the Theatre, the Cards, Feasting, Dancing, and Publick Assemblies, now took up all her Thoughts. She could not consent to bury her Youth and Beauty in obscurity.

SHE burn'd for Praise, and languish'd to behold the admiring Youths fill up her splendid Train, and hear their soft Addresses.

SHE order'd, therefore, to have her House, which she had quitted, retaken and fitted up ; and every Thing was preparing for her Return into the World, when a sudden Passion seiz'd upon her Soul with so much Violence, that she had not Patience to wait 'till that Time for the Gratification of it.

AMONG the Number of *Fryars*, who visited this Convent, there was one whose Name was *Cleomont* : He was descended of a Noble and Illustrious

strious Family ; and though a younger Son, was not design'd for the Cowl, but had an Education more befitting a Man who was to make his Fortune by the Court, not quit it for a Cloyster.

He sung, danc'd, plaid admirably well upon the Lute and Guittar ; and had the most engaging Manner of Address imaginable.

To add to all this, he had the finest Eyes in the World, the loveliest Complexion, a Shape and Air which not all the Disadvantages of his Habit, could hinder from being perfectly graceful, and was not at this Time above eight and twenty Years of Age.

THE Charms of his Wit and Person had been fatal to many a believing Maid. Rarely had his Declarations of Love fail'd of the Success he aim'd at. The general Admiration he receiv'd from the Women, gain'd him the Envy and Hatred of the Men.

SEVERAL there were, who, frustrated of their Designs by his superior Graces, watch'd diligently for an Opportunity of ruining him ; but the most dangerous of his Enemies was the Count *De Ruel*, who having been depriv'd by him of a favourite Mistress, and unable to call him to Account for it in his own Person, by Reason he was married to the most jealous Woman in the World, but who had rais'd his Fortune, and therefore durst not disoblige ; he set his *Valet de Chambre* to affront *Cleomont* in publick Company.

He

HE was young and fiery, and without any Consideration how unworthy he was of his Sword, he gave him an immediate Challenge, which being answer'd by the other, they met and fought.

CLEOMONT run him through the Heart at the second or third Pass; and being taken before he could make his Escape, was try'd for his Life: The Laws in this Country being extremely severe against Duellists, and very much enforc'd by Count *De Ruell*, *Cleomont* receiv'd Sentence of Death.

THE Interest of his Friends, however, procur'd him several Reprieves; and at length, on Condition that he would dispose of his whole Fortune in charitable Uses, renounce the World, and become a Monk, he received a full Pardon for his Crime.

THIS was the Cause which brought him among the Number of the Religious; but tho' the Fear of Death, or the Desire of Life, had so great an Effect on him as to oblige him to change his Habit, his Heart was still the same, his Inclinations as vigorous, and his Taste of Pleasure nothing inferior to what it had been.

HE was oblig'd, indeed, to pursue the Gratification of his Passions with more Secrecy than before; and was therefore happy in less frequent Opportunities of indulging them.

BUT notwithstanding the Disadvantages of his Function, and the Dangers which he hazarded in making

making an amorous Declaration, there still were Numbers who experienc'd he had but in show renounc'd the Joys of Love, and that it was an Impossibility he cou'd ever be capable of giving or receiving them, in a more superlative Degree than now.

AMABELLA, at her first Entrance into the Monastery, had been too much taken up with the Thoughts of *De la Veire*; and since, with her Design of returning to the World, to take any Notice of this charming Hypocrite, tho' she had often seen him in Company with other *Fryars*; but it was not with that slight and transient View he had regarded her; those Beauties which had so small an Influence over *De la Veire*, obtain'd the most potent one that the Owner's Vanity could wish, on this young *Fryar*.

WITH the most ardent Wishes did he burn, with softest Languishments did his whole Soul dissolve, whenever he beheld her; but the little Observation which he perceiv'd she made on him, not giving him an Opportunity to practise on her those Arts which he had try'd with such Success on others, he was oblig'd to smother in painful Silence the Agitations he was possess'd of; repining at his Fate, but finding no Means whereby he might attempt Relief.

FOR some Weeks he labour'd under this, the severest Circumstance of an amorous Flame; still wishing, still desiring, still impatient, yet hopeless of ever obtaining, or even making the dear Object sensible of what he suffer'd for her sake: But

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at last Fortune presented him with an Opportunity so full, so extensive, as exceeded all that a Lover when most he feeds himself with hope-created Images, could in Idea form.

THE Priest appointed for the Spiritual Guide of *Amabella's* Thoughts, on some Occasion being obliged to quit the Convent, *Gleomont* was, by the Lady Abbess, nominated to supply his Place, and forthwith order'd to attend her.

SCARCE was the transported Lover able to contain the Emotions of his Joy from those in whose Presence it was most his Interest to conceal it; but mastering the Symptoms of this Passion, as he had done those of the other which had so long tormented him, he received this new Mission only as a Priest would do, who had no other Motive than Religion to induce him to take on him the Charge of a Confessor.

HE was no sooner departed from the Abbess, than he began to cast about in his Mind, in what Manner he should declare himself.

IT seem'd to him before, that he wanted nothing but an Opportunity, but he now found that he stood in need of much more.

HE had imagin'd, by the Fire that sparkled in *Amabella's* Eyes, that her Heart was not entirely cold, and could not persuade himself but that there was a Stock of amorous Inclinations in her Soul; but whether they might not be already all engaged, devoted to another, lay the Doubt.

GREAT

GREAT were the Difficulties with which he now perceiv'd he was about to engage ; and in the Circumstances in which they both were, had he been agitated by an ordinary Passion, and not possess'd of more Courage and Resolution than most Men are, he had yet desisted : But former Successes having given him Proofs how vastly it was in his Power to charm, he flatter'd himself with a kind of an Assurance of making an Impression on her Heart, were it not already prepossessed in favour of another.

AND if it should be so, which is the most formidable of all the Dangers I can foresee, *said he to himself*, she will have too much Generosity to betray and ruin the Man who loves her, only because he does so.

I shall be in no worse a Condition than now ; nay, of the two less vexatious, since nothing is so tormenting as Suspence : When certain of never obtaining her, Despair will put an End to my Life, if it cannot to my Love, and I shall either way be at rest from Hopes and Fears, and all the Train of Perplexities which now invade me, and are the Attendants of an undiscover'd Flame.

IN this Manner did he argue with himself, and by Degrees re-assumed that Boldness so requisite in Love-Affairs, and to which he had been greatly indebted for gaining him the Completion of his Desires on the Fair Sex.

THE Hour being arrived in which he was to visit the dear Idol of his present Adorations, he found her alone, and with such a Gaiety, mix'd with Softness in her Countenance, as seem'd a lucky Omen to his Hopes.

THE first Formalities of his Function being over, approaching her with an Air which had in it something irresistably engaging.

MADAM, *said he*, I know not whether I ought to impute the Choice which the Lady Abbess has made of me for your Confessor, as the Effect of my good or ill Fortune, but am certain you will find so great a Difference between me, and that Reverend Father whom I am appointed to succeed, that I tremble to officiate in his room.

THO' these Words were far from containing any Declaration of Love, yet they appear'd so mysterious, that she could not well know how to reply to them; but looking on him with a good deal of Surprize, not only for his Manner of expressing himself, but also for the uncommon Perfections she saw about him.

I hope, Sir, *answer'd she*, my Conduct will never give you so much Occasion to repent the Charge you have taken of me, as to make you think Charity a Misfortune.

CHARITY, Madam, *briskly interrupted he*, ought to take Birth at Home; and if while I endeavour to fortify you in those Principles which
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tend to Peace, I lose my own for ever; how fatal will be this Virtue! How much less wretched had I been, never to have been known to the adorable *Amabella*, than to be known and scorn'd.

A Softness inexpressible stream'd from his Eyes as he spoke this, and every Feature denoted the tender Tumults of his Soul; but when he ceas'd, a Sigh so deep as seem'd to rend his Breast, supplied the Place of Words, and while it forbade him to utter more, declar'd his Meaning, in a Manner, which sham'd all Language, and triumph'd over the faint Arts of Eloquence.

AMABELLA had been too much acquainted with such kind of Intelligence, not to understand what this betoken'd; and by his Silence having now an Opportunity of observing him, his Eyes being cast on the Ground, she discover'd so many Charms about him, that she could think nothing less than a Angel in the Shape of Man, and in a Moment was possess'd of as violent a Passion, as Heart is capable of conceiving.

IT would ill become me, Sir, *resumed she*, to treat a Person of your Habit, with any other than the most sincere Respect.

BESIDES, *pursued she, blushing, with the inward Emotions of her Soul*, 'tis impossible to look on you, and believe you have renounc'd the World, because you have been ill treated in it.

No rather, having engrossed the Sum of all Esteem, in Pity to the less deserving of your Sex,

you generously retire, and hide that Merit which, when present, would suffer no other to appear.

PRAISES from a Mouth like yours, *answered he*, might well excuse my growing vain: Had I ever seen a Form like *Amabella's*, no Consideration could have prevail'd upon me to take a Vow, which makes it criminal for me to adore any other Beauties than those of her Mind.

AH! why, *continued he, looking on her with Eyes all flaming with Desire*, why from those Persons destin'd to renounce the Joys of Life, does Heaven not take away the Appetite!

How vain are Oaths, how fruitless all the Bounds which Virtue and Religion set, when Charms like yours appear in Opposition, and overpower Love swells up the Soul!

PARDON this Declaration (*pursued he, after a little pause, perceiving, or imagining he did so, a certain Sternness on her Countenance*) because 'tis unavoidable; my Life is in your Power, — dispose of it as you please; for since this Passion has taken Possession of my Faculties, all other Suggestions are below my Notice.

I must adore the charming *Amabella*; must tell her so, must use my utmost Endeavours to engage her to pity what I feel, tho' Death inevitable be the Portion of my rash Attempt.

I should be most unworthy of that Passion you profess, *replied she*, were I of a Disposition so ungrateful

grateful as to return it with Deceit, and base informing.

THE Secret of your Love shall never be divulg'd by me; and would to Heaven it were as much in my Power to ease those Pains of which you complain, as it is in my Will to compassionate them.

OH, God! what Contradiction do these few Words contain? *resumed he.* Can you compassionate without easing me? — That, that alone is all my utmost Hope could promise. — Pity is the most tender Emotion of the Soul, nor can the Wretch so comforted regret his Lot. — While you vouchsafe to listen to my Love, to look with soft Forgiveness on me; what more will these Robes, and the Vow I have taken, permit me to entreat?

AH, *interrupted Amabella,* can you stop there? — Will you for ever be contented, that I unfrowning hear your Addresses? — Will a cold Friendship, and a just Esteem, be always the Extent of your Desires? — Will not encroaching Love, in spite of Vows, of Virtue, and Religion, seek more substantial Food than such as the Spirit can afford? — Examine your own Wishes, and tell me if they are of a Nature so easy to be satisfied.

SHE concluded these Words with a Smile, which immediately inform'd him what Answer it was would be most advantageous to his Designs.

HER Looks that Moment gave him a full Intimation of all that pass'd within her Soul; and told him, that to appear desirous of a little, was to receive but little.

AND, indeed, nothing can be more certain, than that he had gain'd her eternal Displeasure, had he in the least abated the first Ardency of his Pretensions.

ADAPTING, therefore, his Looks and Gestures to his Words, Ah! Madam, *said he*, why do you cruelly enforce a Question which you well know is not in my Power to answer as I ought.

I dare not deceive you, nor should I be believed, if I should boast so great a Command over that Passion which commands the World, and leaves us not the Government of ourselves.

YES, most adorable *Amabella*, since you oblige me to this Declaration, I must confess, that the Desires with which my Bosom heaves, are proportion'd to the Charms which have inspir'd them, and are too extensive to be limited.

I dare not trust myself to think how far they might transport me, but you are safe, whatever I endure by the Violence of their Agitations. Never will I presume to offend beyond what may deserve your Pardon.

AMABELLA replied to this in a Manner neither to give Hope nor Despair; but in an Amour,

mour, such as he was prosecuting, not to inflict the one, was a certain Encouragement to the other.

INSTEAD of Confession, Absolution, and the other Offices of his Function, she oblig'd him to employ some Part of the Time they were together, in relating the History of his Life, and the Reasons which had induc'd him to turn *Fryar*; the rest was taken up in pursuing the Design he had begun, in which he had so good Success, that before they parted, he had sufficient Marks of Favour from her to feed Imagination with, and enable him to support Absence.

FULL of pleasing Ideas did he depart, and left her in a kind of a delightful Hurry of the Spirits; an agreeable Disorder, which nothing but the Infancy of Desire can give.

NEVER had she felt more of Love than now, the charming *Fryar* appear'd more lovely than *De la Veire*, or all Mankind had done; and, as you may judge by her former Behaviour, being not of a Humour to give herself any Pain about controlling her Inclinations, she thought of nothing but the Means of indulging them in the most agreeable Manner.

THE necessary Preparations for her Return into the World being almost finish'd, she resolv'd that the first Thing she did, after she left the Monastery, should be to make *Cleomont* happy.

SHE propos'd an Infinity of Pleasure in an Intrigue with him ; his Function rendring it more dangerous for him to have it discover'd on his own Score, than it would be shameful on hers, made her secure of his inviolable Secrecy.

THEN, the Risque he run, in making an amorous Declaration, render'd her also pretty easy as to any Suspicions of his Constancy. — Every Thing conspir'd to prepossess her with the brightest Idea of Happiness that an amorous Heart could form.

BUT just as every Thing was ready for her leaving the Monastery, News arriv'd that her Mother, who had for some Time liv'd in a distant Province, had died of an Apoplectick Fit.

As she had been so long retir'd from the World, to come into it again immediately after the Loss of so near and dear a Relation, would have appear'd so indecent and unnatural an Action, as must justly have subjected her to the Ridicule of as many as knew her.

A Month was the least she could allow to Sorrow, or, to speak more properly, to the Appearance of it : So much Time, therefore, she condemn'd to her Confinement ; knowing that it was in her Power to sweeten it as she pleas'd with the Society of her lovely *Fryar*, who now had prosecuted his Sollicitations with such Success, that he had obtain'd her Promise of yielding to him all that

that rapacious Love could ask the Moment she quitted the Monastery.

BUT this Accident detaining her there longer than she had design'd, the Impatience of his Passion made him never cease to press her for the Gratification of it; and one Day finding her in a Disposition more than ordinarily favourable to his Wishes, he let not the happy Moment slip, but without waiting for a full Consent, boldly seiz'd the long'd-for Bliss, and half-yielding, half-reluctant as she was, left nothing more for her to give, nor him to entreat. — The Poet says,

—— *the Faults of Love*

By Love are justify'd.

AND 'tis certain that nothing can be more true than that Maxim. When a Woman is convinced that she is belov'd, or but imagines that she is so, a Crime of this Nature but enhances the Merit of the Passion; and the more ungovernable it is, the more it has a Title to Forgiveness.

SINS of Omission, in this Case, are only unpardonable; and though we command an awful distance, we scorn the Fool who hopes to gain our Favour by a dull Obedience; and presently believe, that if he truly lov'd, he could not have so great a Mastery over his Desires.

THE very Extasies which the happy *Cleomont* enjoy'd, were a sufficient Excuse for his Boldness; nor needed he the less effectual aid of Words to gain his Pardon from the equally transported Fair.

NEVER did the wanton God behold a Sacrifice more worthy of his acceptance, than that now offer'd him by this enamour'd Pair.

SCARCE could they separate, tho' Reason told them, to be too long together might occasion Suspicions fatal to their Love, and to the Life of *Cleomont*.

AT length, however, he tore himself away, but fail'd not the next Day to renew the happiness of the foregoing one.

MANY succeeding ones were pass'd in the same manner: And indeed, it seem'd as if Enjoyment had but increas'd their mutual Ardor, and the more they possess'd, the more they still desir'd.

'TIS probable, by the beginning of their Amour, they might have continued a long Series of guilty Rapture, if Heaven, who rarely suffers the breach of Vows to go unpunish'd, had not put a period to it as full of Horror as the Crime had been of Delight.

BEFORE *Amabella's* coming to the Monastery, the warmth *Cleomont's* Constitution had engag'd him to make an amorous Declaration to a young Devotee, call'd *Mariana*.

HIS Charms had the same success on her they had found on so many others ; all the considerations of her Vow, and the Dangers to which she was exposed in the Breach of it, were overwhelm'd and swallow'd up in more prevailing Love.

SHE yielded to his Pressures, and became as guilty as he could wish.——The Consequence of which Condescension was what might be naturally expected, she was with Child.

CLEOMONT being inform'd of it by her, was with reason extremely alarm'd, both for his own sake, and that of hers.

BUT not having Presence enough of Mind to think immediately what was best to be done, and soon after seiz'd with an Indisposition, which prevented him for some time from coming to the Monastery, he found the means, by a Brother *Fryar*, to give her the best Advice was in his Power how to prevent the growing Shame from discovery.

THE *Fryar* whom he entrusted, deliver'd his Letter to her, the Contents whereof were as follow :





To my Dearest *MARIANA*.

SICKNESS detaining me from thy ever-charming Presence, at a time when most it was necessary that we might consult together in what manner we should avert the Danger which threatens both. I send thee this Epistle, to comfort thee in a Distress which as nothing but excess of Love and Tenderneſs as occasion'd, ſo ought not to be judg'd by any other Motives.

YET will the buſie World pretend to cenſure what they cannot comprehend: and when an Affair of the Nature ours is, becomes known, with what Severity it is treated, with what Cruelty puniſh'd in Perſons of our Order.

I have been, therefore, ſtudying on the Remedy for this impending Evil, and can find none in Nature for it, but your conſenting to take Phyſick proper to prevent that little Badge of what we have done, from coming to maturity.

THERE is no way for you to be deliver'd of it with Secreſy, elſe would not I give you this Advice; which if you do not follow, we are both inevitably loſt.

THE

THE good Man who brings you this, will, from time to time, convey you such Medicines as are proper for our purpose, tho' I hope soon to be able to see you, and re-enjoy in your dear Arms those Felicities which have for ever confirmed me,

Your most passionate Adorer,

CLEOMONT.

IT is not to be doubted but that she sent an Answer full of Tenderness, nor that she acquiesc'd to every thing he requested for the common safety of them both; but the foolish Fondness of her Sex, not permitting her to burn this Testimony, she preserv'd it in her Bosom, for the pleasure of reading it frequently over, and renewing, in Imagination, those Joys which she had experienc'd were in the Power of the dear Author of it to bestow.

THIS had been the first Letter she had ever receiv'd from him, and she thought it would be an Indignity to the Passion he profess'd, if she should destroy this *Memento* of it.

To tear off the Name, was all therefore she could prevail on herself to do; and one Day, being at Prayers in the Chapel, kneeling a little longer than was agreeable in the Condition she was, she fainted away.

AMABELLA,

AMABELLA, who was then just come into the Monastery, happening to be nearest to her, unfastned her Garments, with a design to give her Air; but as she was so doing, the fatal Scroll dropt from her Breast; and *Amabella*, who was ever of an inquisitive Nature, immediately took it up, and convey'd it into her Pocket, undiscover'd by the other.

THE moment she found herself alone, she sat down to examine the Contents; and being by them fully inform'd of the Love and Misfortune of *Mariana*, was so far from pitying her, that she presently communicated the Discovery she had made to the Abbess; who desiring to have the Letter in her possession, made all imaginable Enquiry into the Affair: but none to whom she show'd it knowing the Hand, she was obliged to rest contented till Time should bring it to light.

THE intended Murder of the unborn Innocent they contriv'd to prevent by this means: *Mariana* having told them that finding herself in an ill State of Health, she had resolved to take something which might restore her, they took not the least notice of her Suspicions; but when the *Fryar* came, who by the Letter they found was the Person by whom the Drugs were design'd to be convey'd, they told him, that *Mariana* being extremely ill, and confin'd to her Bed, desired he would leave the Potion for her: which he not doubting the truth of, readily consented to.

HE was no sooner gone, than they exchanged the Phial for another, fill'd only with a rich Cordi-
al,

al, and gave it to *Mariana*; telling her, it had been left for her by that Person, who being in haste on an extraordinary occasion, could not stay to see her himself.

By this method the Designs of *Cleomont* were frustrated, and *Mariana* grew every Day more perceivably big.

THE transgressing *Fryar*, at his return to the Monastery, being wholly taken up with the Charms of *Amabella*, little regarded *Mariana*; another of the same Order, in his absence, having been appointed in his place to attend her as a Spiritual Guide he saw her not: and not doubting but the Potion he had sent, had work'd the desired Effect, thought of her no more.

THE Abbess, who observ'd her carefully, perceiv'd she wanted not much of the Time which was to make her a Mother, and therefore said nothing to her of the discovery she had made, resolving to let the Ruin come at once upon her; with Reason judging, that in Rack of Nature, she would be brought to confess the Partner of her guilty Joys, with much more readiness than before.

THE success of her Contrivance answer'd to expectation. — Those Pangs, which can only be guess'd at by those who have felt them, coming on her with their utmost severity, her Shrieks and Cries, which she was unable to restrain, alarm'd the whole Convent.

THE

THE Abbess, who now not doubted but the Hour she had look'd for was at last arriv'd, sent immediately for a Woman whose business it was, to assist in this extremity. °

SHE conducted her to the Cell where *Mariana* lay; and giving her, in a few words, to know, that she was not unacquainted either with her Guilt, or the Misfortune which had attended it; assur'd her she must hope for no Relief, unless she reveal'd the Author of her Shame.

AT first she refused; but the Abbess reminding her, that she could by no other Means be deliver'd from her present Torments in this World, nor hope for Forgiveness in the other, join'd with the Consideration of the Unkindness of *Cleomont*, who had never endeavour'd either to see or write to her, as she knew he might have done, at last prevail'd on her; and she not only gave the Name requir'd of her, but also the whole History of their Amour, entreating Forgiveness of Heaven and the Abbess; and conjuring the latter to use her utmost Interest that she might escape that Death, which is allotted for the Punishment of Crimes like hers.

BUT that good Lady, conscious of her Inability to do much for her in that Request, made but a slight answer to it; and having order'd the Midwife to do her Office, and left a Lay-Sister and two or three of the Nuns to assist her, withdrew, in order to send in search of *Cleomont*.

As she was dispatching a Messenger to him, one of the Nuns told her he was in the Monastery, and that she had seen him enter the Chamber of *Amabella*.

ON which, accompanied by three or four of the Sisterhood, she went thither, after having sent for proper Officers to secure him as he came out.

CONFESSION is esteem'd so sacred a thing, that in spite of the virtuous Indignation they had conceiv'd against him, they forbore to disturb him while they imagin'd him employ'd in that Duty; but having waited a considerable time in the Gallery, and observing he tarried much longer than was necessary, or usual, they went softly to the Door, and pushing it open, to their inexpressible Amazement beheld the pretended Devotee, and seeming holy, *Fryar*, sleeping in each other's Arms, and in such a Posture as could leave them no room to doubt what had occasion'd so inadvertent a Drowsiness.

THEIR sudden Entrance, and the Exclamations they made at so unexpected a Sight, awak'd the ruin'd Pair; from Dreams of Bliss, and that sweet Disorder of the Mind which their late Raptures had imprinted there, they started to real Anguish, Shame, and Horror without a Name! *Amabella* gave a Shriek which echoed through the Convent.

CLEOMONT, with a sullen Air, and something of a dread Disorder in his Countenance, bore this Detection of his Guilt, and, speechless, both receiv'd,

receiv'd the just Reproaches of the astonish'd Spectators.

AFTER they had said all that was proper on the Score of *Amabella*, they related all that had happen'd to *Mariana*, with the Methods which had been taken to disappoint them in their cruel Design of murdering the innocent Product of their criminal Delights: But this Story was no sooner mention'd, and *Cleomont* made known to *Amabella* for the Author of that unhappy Creature's Infamy and Ruin, than she cried out, Wretch that I am, by me thou art betray'd; 'twas I that found that Letter, and unsuspecting that the Writer would ever have been so dear to me, discover'd it to the Abbess.

O H! *Mariana*, justly is thy Detection punish'd.—— Henceforward, let no Woman, out of Curiosity, Ill-nature, or Affectation of Virtue, expose the Failings of another, lest the malicious Folly recoils upon herself, as mine on me.

CLEOMONT could not forbear looking on her with a kind of reproachful Air, tho' mix'd with Tendernefs; and, as if unwilling to hear more, he turn'd to the Abbess, and said, Madam, I see there is no Misdemeanour of my Life a Secret.—— I desire, therefore, that I may be yielded up to those Punishments the Secular Law ordains.—— Death is a Torture less poignant than Upbraidings.

I am sorry, *replied she, shaking her Head*, to find you rather to affect a Bravery to contemn Death,

Death, than a penitential Fear of it ; but shall leave you to be made sensible of your Crime by those who have greater Judgment and Learning than myself.

ALL that I can do for you, is to wish, that Heaven may be as inclinable to pardon you your Breach of Vows, and Prophanation of your Holy Order, as I would be, were it in my Power, the Affront and Scandal you have brought on this Monastery.

WITH these Words, she took him by the Hand, and led him out of the Chamber. A deep Sigh was all the Farewel he took of *Ambella* ; but the natural Impatience of that Lady's Temper, not suffering itself to be restrain'd by Shame, made her burst into Exclamations suitable to her Despair and Grief.

SHE rav'd, she tore her Hair and Garments, curs'd the Severity of Monastick Laws, and spared neither Virtue nor Religion in the Extremity of her Anguish.

IN the mean Time, the Terror in which poor *Mariana* was involved, adding to the Danger and Pain of that Condition into which her inadvertent Love had brought her, preserved her from that Sentence, which otherwise she could not have escaped.

SHE died the same Moment that she brought into the World a Daughter ; a milder Fate than that of being immur'd between two Walls, 'till
with

with Extremity of Hunger, she had been compell'd to prey with ravenous Bitings on her own Flesh; all buried while alive, wrap'd in the Dress and Horrors of the Grave, in perfect Health, and Strength of Sense and Thought.

ALL imaginable Care was taken of the new-born Babe, and the Abbess vow'd to educate her in such a Manner as might enable her to produce Works of Piety, which might, by way of Supererogation, at one for her Mother's Crimes, and redeem her Soul from Purgatory.

BUT to return to *Cleomont*: That unhappy Gentleman had Afflictions numberless to combat with; the Death of *Mariana*, the Infamy of *Amabella*, hung heavy on his Heart: Deeply was he concern'd for the Ruin his fatal Love had brought upon them; his tormented Conscience gave him Remonstrances more touching far than all the holy Fathers could alledge.

NEVER Countenance and Behaviour were more greatly alter'd than that of his, when he appear'd before the sacred Judges of his Cause; and tho' he seem'd little to regard their Reproofs, and had nothing to say in his Justification, yet he was uneasy at being compell'd to hear their Accusations; troubled he was, yet stubborn; sensible he had done amiss, but too proud to confess his Crime, or appear penitent for it. — The Truth is, he knew Denials, after Conviction, would be as vain, as Hope of Pardon after Sentence, in a Court compos'd of spiritual Judges.

HE was immediately stripp'd of those Vestments which he had so presumptuously prophaned, and doom'd to Death, after lying three Months in Prison ; so much Time being allowed him for Preparation.

THE *Fryar*, whom he had made his Confidant, and who, by being the Bearer of his Letter to *Mariana*, and the Potion intended for her to take, was known to be so, and an Assistant in the designed Murder of the innocent Unborn ; was therefore sentenc'd to no worse a Punishment than to be divested of his Habit and Beads, and sent to eternal Banishment.

GREATLY did the Friends of *Cleomont* labour for a Grant of the same Fate for him ; but as he was the principal Transgressor, it could not be complied with : The Intercession was continued, however, and the fair Eyes of a female Relation, who greatly interested herself in his Cause, at last prevail'd so far on a certain Cardinal, at that Time a *Nuncio* from *Rome*, that he wrote to the *Pope* in his behalf, and obtained an absolute Pardon from his Holiness, so far as concerned Life ; but was condemned, like his assistant *Fryar*, to pass it in foreign Climates, without hope of ever more revisiting his native Shore.

As for *Amabella*, being only a Boarder in the Monastery, free from the Vow, or without any Design of ever taking it, the Law had no Power to inflict any bodily Punishment, except some severe Penances laid on her by a new Confessor of a different

different Humour from that of *Cleomont*; but as to the Affront she had put on the Sisterhood, she was order'd to increase the Revenue of the Monastery, by an Allowance of 400 Ducats *per Annum*, which was the best Part of her Estate.

THE Adventure being known by every Body, she could not think of returning to the World, and being, by this Accident, render'd dead to the Vanities of it; and by the continual Admonitions of the pious Men who came to visit her on this Occasion, in part convinc'd of the Errors of her former Life, she took a Resolution of passing the Remainder of it in Retirement, and an Endeavour to expiate past Faults, by future Acts of Piety and Virtue.

IT was a great while before she could prevail on the Abbess to accept her as a Votary; but, at length, her Tears and Penitence prevail'd, and she was solemnly received; where she still lives more eminent for her extraordinary Devotion, than she before had been for her Contempt of it.

As the Banishment and Misfortunes of the *Fryar* were wholly owing to the Friendship he had borne to *Cleomont*, that Gentleman made him the Companion of his Travels; he having great and wealthy Friends, who supplied him with a Competency to procure for himself all those Pleasures Abroad, which he was denied the Enjoyment of at Home.

FOR about the Space of twelve Months they liv'd together, in a Manner which gave neither of them

them any great Occasion to regret their Banishment; but at the Expiration of that Time, *Cleomont*, whose unhappy Constitution still inclin'd him to amorous Intrigues, having receiv'd some Encouragement from the beautiful Wife of an *Italian* Nobleman, made no Scruple of entring into those Engagements which had before involv'd him in so many Dangers, and for which he had forfeited his whole Estate, and was now an Exile from his Country, and a Dependant on the Charity of Relations.

FREQUENT were their amorous Interviews, but some Accident, at length, raising a Suspicion in the Husband, he resolv'd to trace the Affair to the Foundation, and did it so effectually, that he discover'd not only that his Fears were true, but also the very Place at which they met.

CLOSE in his Breast, he conceal'd the Rage of jealous Love, 'till the Day appointed for the next Rendezvous arriv'd; but then finding Means to lie hid in the Chamber where they met, he made that which had been the Scene of his Dishonour his Revenge.

PATIENTLY sustaining their tender Conversation, Kisses, Embraces, and all the Preludes to their amorous Entertainment, and just in that Moment, when they were most guilty, most defenceless, rush'd out, and with his Sword stabb'd both at once.

CLEOMONT died immediately, but the fair Offender liv'd long enough to ask and obtain Forgiveness

giveness of her injured Lord, and by sincere Contrition he comforted with the Hope of meeting Mercy hereafter ; the Proof of which she experienc'd in a few Days, expiring a Victim to her own lawless Love, and her Husband's implacable Revenge.

CLEOMONT no more, the *Fryar* who had accompanied him, was now left without all Means of Support ; and being obliged to dispose of every little Moveable he had for Sustenance, he was, at last, reduced to an almost perishing Condition ; which driving him into any Company, among whom he could flatter himself with the least Shadow of Relief, he happen'd into a Gang of Robbers, who seeing him a fit Person to be serviceable to them in their nocturnal Calling, being strong, well made, and not old, they seduced him to accompany them ; which Life he continued for some Time with Success ; but was at last taken, and became a publick Example of Justice.

IT was with an infinity of Concern that *Lovisa* heard of the Shame and Misfortune of one she had lov'd so well as *Amabella*, and from whom she knew not that she had ever received any thing but good Offices ; for it would have been highly impolitick, as well as ungenerous, in *De la Veire*, to have betray'd any thing to her of what had pass'd between them,

BUT tho' he said nothing to his Wife, to oppose a Grief which he thought so just, yet in his own Heart, he was far from pitying *Amabella*, and thought

thought it an equitable Judgment of Heaven to punish her Crimes by the very Crimes themselves.

IN the return of *De la Veire* to his first Vows, she found the misfortune of her lawless and ungovernable Desires ; and by inadvertently betraying her beloved *Cleomont* to ruin.

THE Injury she had done *Mariana*, in exposing her to the Abbess, was at full reveng'd ; In bringing Shame on another Woman, she pluck'd a double load of it on her own head, and became a sad Example to all who too busily enquire after Affairs in which they are no way concerned.

THERE was now no time for farther discourse, the parting Clouds disclosed the Morn's approach, and Night with all her shadowy Train, flew swift before it ; what more, therefore, was in the Mind of *Almajue* to say, she was obliged to defer to another opportunity, and leave the sleeping Maid to other Contemplations.

The End of the Fifth Part.





PART VI. *and Last.*

OUR *Prude* had now been so accus-
tom'd to the nocturnal Visits of *Al-*
majue, that she never lay down
without expecting to see her ; accor-
dingly, as soon as Sleep had seal'd
her Eyes, and shut out all exterior Objects, the
ever-wakeful Mind beheld the wish'd for Shade
appear, who, with her usual Sweetness saluted her
in this manner :

SINCE permitted, *said she*, to disclose Secrets
invisible to mortal Eyes, I come now to relate to
thee an Adventure, strange in its kind, and from
which, as well as the rest I have reveal'd, if Hea-
ven has given thee a Capacity of doing it.

THOU may'st draw Inferences of the greatest
Service toward regulating thy future Conduct : But
because

because I know thy impatient Soul is little able to listen to Admonitions when watchful for Intelligence.

I will first satisfy the Longings of Curiosity, then warn thee of the Dangers to which People of thy Humour are subjected,





The History of CELAMON,
CLARICE, *and the fair*
Wanton, BLESSIRA.



Ever was young Beauty, *continued she*, more doated on by Parents, than was *Blessira*, the only Daughter of the Count *De Beauville*; but as she grew towards the Age of Womanhood, she discover'd such Symptoms of an amorous Inclination, that they, with great reason, fear'd, that if they disposed not of her early in Marriage, she would be guilty of some false Step or other to the prejudice of her House's Honour.

No Offers happening immediately, however, which they thought worthy of her, they determin'd, till such a one should arrive, for the security of her Reputation, to have her boarded in a Monastery; where being secluded from the World, she would have no opportunity of indulging those Gaieties of it, which she was perceived to be but too much inclined to.

THE Place they made choice on for her Retirement, was the College of *Benedictine* Nuns, the Abbess of which was their particular Friend.

NOTHING could be more dreadful to her than this Resolution; but dear as her Contentment was to them, her Honour, and, indeed, that of their own, was yet more precious; and, in spite of all she could alledge to the contrary, she was obliged to go, and also to hear a Charge given to the Abbess to take a more than ordinary care of her, that she should never have the liberty of the Grate, but when visited by Relations; and that even her Confessor should be Old.

THESE Injunctions being exactly fulfil'd, the Count and his Lady were perfectly at ease in their Minds, not believing there was now a possibility for their darling Daughter to go astray; at least, while under their Jurisdiction, and in a State which made all her Mismanagements a Reflection on them.

THE Humour of *Blessira*, tho' unhappy for herself, was so extremely pleasing and entertaining to others, that all who knew her, very much lamented the loss they had of so agreeable a Companion.

BUT those Admirers, to whom the freedom of her Conversation had given hopes they might one Day be as happy as they could wish in the possession of her yet unrifed Beauties; these, I say, curs'd the Caution which had snatch'd her from them, and, for a time were inconsolable.

AMONG the Number of them was a Noble Youth, called *Celamon*.

HE had frequently been in her Company, had made professions of Love to her, and was answer'd in such a manner, as made him not doubt but that he should succeed.

BUT being an Enemy to Marriage, he had never mention'd any thing of his Passion before her Parents, nor was enough devoted to her Charms, to pay that Price for them which he knew they would expect.

BURNING, however, for the enjoyment of her, his Brain was continually on the rack for the means of doing it.

HE form'd a thousand different Inventions, but she was kept too close for any of them to succeed; but not all the Difficulties he met with in the Prosecution of his Designs, could oblige him to give them over, or in the least abate the Ardency with which he languish'd for the possession of this Charmer, or the Longings he had to triumph over the Security of her careful Parents.

FOR, some Weeks did he pass in fruitless Attempts; but, at last, his Dictator *Love*, inspir'd him with one, which, though hazardous, promis'd him more success, than those he had experienc'd.

HE

HE was extremely fair, and by reason of his Youth, he having, at that time, not seen more than nineteen Years, the Mark of Manhood had scarce yet appear'd upon his Chin.

HE therefore dress'd himself in a Female habit; and his Hair, which was of a delicate Light-brown, and very long, being braided after the manner of Virgins, he might very well be taken for such.

HE communicated his intentions to a *Fryar*, with whom he had an Intimacy; and for a Purse of *Lewis d'Ors*, made no scruple of recommending him to the *Lady-Abbeſs* of the Convent, as a young Lady lately come from the Country, who desired to be a Pensioner with her.

As such, he was received without scruple, and had the satisfaction to think, that what others of his Sex were denied a sight of, even through a Grate, he had the freedom of conversing with, in as near a manner as he could wish.

BUT what use he made of this Liberty, I shall anon relate, being, for the rendring my History more intelligible, obliged to return to *Blessira*.

THAT Lady had been now near three Months in the Monastery, in all which time not having been permitted either to see or hear from any of those who had professed themselves her Adorers; and believing it not so much owing to
their

their Forgetfulness of her, as to the strict Charge the Count her Father had given the *Abbess*, she grew extremely discontented.

N O T that she was of a Disposition easy to give way to Melancholy, but being cross'd in what she so much delighted, Discourses on Love, Treats, Balls, Serenades, Presents, and all other Testimonies of Admiration, which the Indulgence of her Parents had formerly but too much permitted her to receive, threw a certain Peevishness on all her Air; which demonstrated that the Place she was in, had not made the least alteration in her Sentiments, or Inclinations:

B U T as there was no Person in the Monastery but knew from what Cause this Sullenness Proceeded, none took any notice of it, but the *Fryar* appointed for her Confessor, who, tho' according to the Count's order, was pretty well advanced in Years, being fired with the Perfections of this young Charmer, fearing it might be Love for some favourite Admirer that had occasion'd the Ill-humour he sometimes he found her in.

P R E S S'D her to reveal the Motives of her Disturbance, which, he said, that he was certain were something beyond what was ordinary to a Person of her Age and Condition.

W I T H his Entreaties he also artfully intermix'd so many Praises of her Wit and Beauty, that she, having so long been excluded from any Speeches of that nature, was perfectly enchanted with them,
and

and became far from being able to have refus'd him a much greater Request than this.

ALAS! good Father, *said she*, had my Person or my Humour been less agreeable, I had not been shut up in this Monastery.

IT is to my own Charms I owe my Misfortune; their Influence attracting a great number of Admirers, my over-cautious Parents trembled lest I should find one among them worthy of a Tendernefs, which would not be for the advantage of my Reputation; they were for ever preaching to me, that a young Maid ought to blush at the very mention of Love, and look with the utmost Scorn on any Man who should make a declaration of that Passion, till first approved by them; and even then listen to it, but with reluctance, or, at least indifference:

BUT perceiving I little regarded what they said on this score, nor could be any way brought to entertain their grave Notions, they made use of the Power they have over me, to confine me till they should provide a Husband for me, which Heaven knows when will happen.

AND 'tis probable, *rejoined the Fryar*, that you have decreed that Happiness for one whose Suit has not been favour'd by them.

NO, *replied she*, I cannot say that yet I have ever entertain'd one serious Thought of Marriage, nor do I imagine that there is any thing so pleasing

ing in that State, as some would endeavour to persuade us.

BESIDES, how could a young Person, like me, generally ador'd, be so unjust as to select, from among the throng of equally deserving Lovers, one for Bliss, leaving all the rest to despair and die.

THE Fryar, by this discourse, finding that *Vanity*, more than *Love*, had been the Disease, for the Cure of which she was sent thither, conceiv'd great hopes, that attacking her on that blind-side, he should not fail of success.

'TIS generous, indeed, *said he*, to pity all who are unhappy; but, Madam, suppose one lov'd you who had no Merit besides his Passion to boast, could you be so divinely good, to shower on him some comfortable Dews of soft Compassion.

WOULD you vouchsafe to listen to his Complaintings, to see his Tears, and by receiving daily Proofs of his inviolable Affection, be compell'd to own you wish'd he had more Desert, or yourself less Charms.

OR, would you, disdaining to be ador'd by a Slave so far beneath you, spurn him from your presence, and bid him die in silence.

I could not be guilty of so much Ingratitude, *answer'd she*, as to hate any one for loving me, at least, I never yet have been so.

BUT

BUT good Father, *continued she*, do you think it possible for any one to love without some mixture of Hope.

OH! would to Heaven, *cried he*, in a kind of Transport, that Question were less easy for me to resolve; yes, I am too certain that one may love, and may despair at the same time; nay, that these Passions may take birth together.

BUT why, *pursued he with a Sigh which seem'd to rend his Heart*, why have I unwarily engaged myself in Discourses which are no way becoming my Habit, and may, perhaps, betray what I have thus long, with so much torture, kept conceal'd.

HERE he paus'd; and the vain *Blessira*, whom half this would have assur'd her he was dying for her, delighted, beyond measure, to think she had a Lover even in the very place to which she was sent to avoid them; and desirous to hear more of what was so pleasing to her Ears, affected not to understand the meaning of his last Words, and intreated he would explain himself; assuring him, that of whatever kind the Secret he spake of was, she never would reveal it.

BUT will you forgive it also? *resumed he*. Tho' I cannot guess, *said she*, why you should scruple it, having a better opinion of you, than to imagine you have entertain'd any Designs prejudicial to a Person who never injured you; yet, since you lay me under that Injunction, here I swear not only
to

to preserve from the knowledge of every one in the World, what you shall entrust me with, but also to pardon all you shall say or do.

S H E was about to add something more, when he interrupted her in this manner. I take you at your word, sweet Innocence, *said he*, thou loveliest, divinest of thy Sex; and having such Security as your Oath, will make nothing a Reserve; but remember, *continued he*, *perceiving she was surprized, or at least feign'd to be so*, remember the nature of your Pardon, it extends to *Actions* as well as *Words*; and since I have permission for the former, will spare the latter.

T H I S, *cried he*, *catching her in his Arms, and eagerly kissing and embracing her*; this, and this will serve to explain my Meaning more intelligibly, than all the Tongue can utter.

O H, hold! *said she*, *faintly endeavouring to get free*, could I have expected this, from my ghostly Father? — For Heaven's sake desist.

A N D then again, What is it you mean? — Dull should I be, indeed, *answer'd he*, and prove my Soul well suited to the Formality of my Function, if I give you cause a second time to ask that Question; I will explain my self at full, my Angel, and in such a manner, as will, I hope leave you no room to repent giving me that dear Pardon which encourag'd me to attempt this Blessing.

H A D she been resolved on Resistance, it was now too late; the Door was lock'd upon them,

them, he had her in his Arms, was possess'd of too many Advantages both of Place and Posture.

FOR her Endeavours to have repell'd him, and he soon became absolute Master of what the most accomplish'd Men of the Age had but flatter'd themselves with the hope of obtaining.

THUS were the cautious Parents disappointed, even by the Means which promis'd them the greatest assurance of Security.

SO vain is it to think to confine Inclination, and debar the Body from taking those Enjoyments to which the Mind is prone.

AMONG a multiplicity of Admirers, where the divided Heart is ever in suspense which to make choice of, as amorous as *Blessira* was, she might much longer have retain'd her Virtue; but thus secluded from the sight of Man, and all the dear Delights of Courtship, had the *Fryar* been more old, and less agreeable than he was, he still would have been all she had to love; and would probably have received the same Testimony of it as now he did.

THE Deed once done, she was too thoughtless to consider any farther than the present Satisfaction, and suffer'd him to repeat it as often as they had opportunity.

CELAMON had been all this while vainly endeavouring to get a distant sight of her; and it was not 'till after this reverend Hypocrite had obtained

tained his desires, that he gain'd entrance into the Monastery by the means I have already related, which now, I doubt not, you will think was to little purpose, since most Women are constant to their first Undoer, whatever they prove afterwards to others.

BUT *Blessira* was an Exception to this general Rule; and, as it was not *Love*, but *Vanity*, which had made her yield to the *Fryar*; and as the difference between the Effects of these Passions is, that the one is confined to one particular Object, and the other delights in a multiplicity, it could not be but that the same Motive would influence the same Condescensions.

CELAMONS was many Days in the Monastery, before he could get an Opportunity of discovering himself to *Blessira*; and as the disguise he was in, hitherto met with no suspicion, so it occasion'd him to see her frequently, eat with her often, and hold discourse together; but then, it was in the presence of others.

AT last, growing impatient with the many disappointments, and at the long delay; he found the means to slip a Billet into her hand, the Contents whereof were these:

To



*To the most Adorable of her Sex, the
Charming BLESSIRA.*

I *T* would be needless and insignificant to tell you how much I regretted your Absence, ——— nor the pains I took to gain once more a sight of those Beauties which have inspired me with the softest, truest Passion, that ever possess'd the Heart of Man.

MY very being here, will convince you that I thought of nothing so much as you; and that no Dangers nor Difficulties were of sufficient Force to with-hold me from you.

I have combated and struggled with every thing that bears the Name of Aweful, or Hazardous, and conquer'd almost Impossibilities to be near your amiable Person.

THERE

*THERE now remains nothing but to die, if
you require a farther Proof of my Affection; and
that you may depend on will ensue, if you consent
not to favour the*

Impatient, and most

Passionately Devoted

CELAMON.



THE Surprize that *Blessira* was in, to find a Letter put into her hand, thus privately, by a Person, as she thought, of her own Sex, may easily be imagin'd; but not doubting but it might be done in favour of some amorous Youth, who had no other opportunity, and had made a Confidante of this new Sister, she went into her Cell, and examin'd the inside; which she had no sooner read, than she wonder'd she had been so dull as not to have known the Face of *Celamon* in any disguise; but her Intrigue with the *Fryar*, and the little Thought she had that he, or any other Man, could gain entrance into that Retirement, had made her not remark the Face of this new Pensioner.

IT was, however, with an infinity of Pride and Pleasure, she beheld so powerful an Effect of her Charms, and resolv'd not to be ungrateful for the Hazard he had run to see her.

SHE therefore took Pen and Paper, and answer'd his Letter in these terms.



To



*To the Obliging, and most Accomplish'd,
and Deserving CELAMON.*

THE Dangers to which you have exposed yourself for my sake, are, indeed too prevailing a Testimony of your Love, to suffer me to make a doubt of it.

WHATEVER good Opinion you may have of my Beauty, you would have reason to censure my want of Judgment, if I did not acknowledge, as I ought, so extraordinary an Affection.

BUT when we Women affect to be insensible of such Love as yours, 'tis when offer'd us by an unpleasing Object.

CELAMON can never sigh in vain; such Merits cannot but work the Effect for which they were design'd; and that Woman would be little worthy of so noble a Passion, who would not embrace all Opportunities of rewarding it.

I think it an Impossibility to entertain you in the manner your Services, and the Sense I have of them, seem to require, in any Room in the Monastery.

I will meet you then this Evening, about Eleven in the Close-walk, at the farther end of the Garden.

BELIEVE that I long with equal Impatience for the happy Moment ; and be as endearing as you will, you shall meet with superior Carresses from

BLESSIRA.

THIS

THIS she convey'd into his hand by the same means as she receiv'd the other from him; and accompanying what she did with a Look the most sweetly languishing that could be, prevented him from being persecuted with any Apprehensions that the Paper contain'd any thing that should give him discontent.

IN fine, both waited the coming of the appointed Hour, with equal Warmth; and, when it was arriv'd, hasted to the Rendezvous with the same Emotions and Desires.

BUT now happen'd an Interruption to their expected Joys, which neither of them was able to foresee, and which not only occasion'd a present Disappointment, but took away all opportunity of ever indulging their amorous Intentions.

THE *Fryar* happening to be in the Monastery the same Day that *Blessira* return'd the Billet of *Celamon*, with another not less tender; being entertaining her with his usual Caresses, he perceiv'd those he receiv'd from her more faint than formerly he had found them.

THE Extasy appear'd forc'd, the Transport languid; her Soul no more seem'd to o'erflow in soft Desire; her Lips forgot to press his with that ravishing Fondness they had been accusom'd.

ALL was enervate, and had more the Air of Duty, or enforc'd Submission, than longing, fierce, and burning Inclination.

To o

Too amorous and quick-sighted, not to observe the change, he was beginning to speak to her something of it, when a little Disturbance happening among the Nuns, he was obliged to quit her, and go to learn the Cause which had occasion'd Words among them no way becoming their Order, nor the Sanctity of that Place.

AFTER this, he waited impatiently for an opportunity of talking to her; but she as carefully avoiding him, made him imagine that there was something indeed extraordinary which had wrought so sudden an alteration in her Behaviour; and not able to leave the Convent thus unsatisfied in his Mind, he pretended to be taken suddenly so very ill, that he could not be removed without danger.

UPON which, the good *Abbess*, having a great regard for him, as believing him to be a Man of an exemplary Piety, and holy Life, would not suffer him to depart, but order'd a Bed to be made for him in a vacant Room, applying what Remedies she thought proper for his Distemper herself.

HE appear'd extremely thankful for the Care she express'd of him, but, 'tis probable, had been much better pleas'd, had the *Recipes* she gave him, been administred by any of those numerous and beautiful young ones she had under her Jurisdiction.

HAVING thus the opportunity of lying under the same Roof with his beloved *Blessira*, he believed (when the whole Body of the Sisterhood were in

in their different Cells, taking what Repose their Circumstances would admit of) he might unsuspected, and undream'd of, steal to that where his dear Mistress lay, and have many soft Hours of indulged Love.

H E also thought, that in these tender moments he should be able to get from her the Reasons of her late Coldness; and, fir'd with this Imagination, he pass'd his time uneasily enough, till he heard the the Abbess pay her nightly Visits through the Convent, to see if the Devotees were in the position she desir'd.

T H I S Ceremony pass'd, he rose and went softly along the Gallery, till he came to the Chamber of *Blessira*, where feeling about the Bed, and finding no body, he was infinitely alarm'd.

H E spent a Minute or two in contemplating on the oddness of this Adventure; but resolv'd to fathom it.

H E crept softly to the Doors of the other Cells, at first imagining she might have been in some of them, with one or other of the Nuns.

B U T hearing the Sound of no Voices, nor the least mark there was of any other Persons walking in the whole Convent, but himself, he knew not what to think; till his discontented Thoughts having made him wander to the farther end of the Gallery, he perceiv'd a Door open, which he knew led by a pair of Back-stairs into the Garden.

H E

HE descended them without delay, and believing, with reason, that if any Persons had retired thither, either to indulge Meditation, or to enjoy a private Conversation with a Friend, it must be some of the Grotto's, they would make Choice of.

ACCORDINGLY he went to the upper-end of the Garden, among the Grotto's, and Chance directing him to that which *Blessira* had selected for her amorous Rendezvous with *Celamon*, she was sitting on a Bank within the dark Recess, impatiently waiting the approach of this new Enamorato, and forming to herself ten thousand distracting Ideas at his long delay.

JUST as she was resolving in what Terms she should upbraid a Neglect so little agreeable to the Impatience he had express'd for this meeting, she heard a rustling thro' the Leaves, and presently after saw something enter.

MAKING no doubt but it was the Person she expected, for the darkness of the Place permitted her not to distinguish.

AT last, then, you are come, too tardy Lover! *said she*: Could I have believed that *Celamon*, who had run such risques to see me, should make so little haste to receive the Reward of his Labours! — I have waited for you this whole Hour.

K

THE

THE *Fryar*, surprized beyond measure at what he heard, would not suffer her presently to be undeceiv'd ; but catching her in his Arms, embraced her with, perhaps as much Vigour as the Person she expected would have done.

SHE was not so far disoblighd, but that she return'd the Caresses he gave her with equal Vehemence ; and he taking this opportunity to make himself amends for the little Warmth she had received him with, at their last meeting, acted the part of *Celamon* so well, that she had no reason to imagine she met not with the Transports of a first Enjoyment.

ALL this time, however, he spoke not, or so low, that she could not distinguish the difference of Voices ; and when the cessation of their tumultuous Joys would give her leave for discourse.

WHAT say you, my dear, my lovely *Celamon*, cried *she*, have I not well repaid the Pains you have been at to gain me ? — Do you not think your Time well employ'd, in serving the grateful *Blessira*.

YOU answer me not, continued *she*, perceiving he was still mute ; may I flatter myself so far, as to believe Excess of Pleasure deprives you of the Power ; or is the Possession of *Blessira* unworthy of your Thanks.

2

TELL

T E L L me, to which of these Reasons is it that I owe your Silence.

T O neither, Madam, *replied he, in a Voice which immediately let her know her Mistake*; and yet a mixture of both.

T H E Joys which, when you please, you are capable of affording, are, indeed, too great for Words; so far your first Suggestion is just.

A N D, as for the other, little had I cause to think the Bounties I but in the Person of my Rival shar'd. But that till now I spoke not, was, indeed a Motive of Self-interestedness.

I knew, that when I appear'd myself, I should at once be depriv'd of all those Raptures, those endearing Fondnesses you so profusely bless'd me with, while passing for the happy *Gelamen*.

'T **I S** easy to judge in what a Condition these words involved the Person to whom they were spoke.

T H E pleasing Confusion she had been in some Moments before, was now changed to one all full of shame and Vexation.

I T was now her turn to be dumb; nor had she the power of Utterance, so strongly did the various Passions work, that she had certainly fallen into a Swoon, if a sudden relief of Tears, bursting in
K 2 great

great abundance from her Eyes, had not prevented it.

THE *Fryar*, who still lov'd her with as much Tenderness as a Man can be said to do, whose Passion aims only at Enjoyment on any terms, took her in his Arms and wiping away her Tears. Oh! *Blessira*, said he, could I think those precious Drops were shed more for Grief at having given me so plain a Proof of your Inconstancy, than for the Disappointment I have occasion'd you, I should be ready to pour forth as many of my vital Blood, to prove how truly I forgive your intended Falseness.

BUT I well see, I am no longer the Master of your Heart; this fortunate Rival has deprived me of your Love, and I now regarded but with Indifference, nay, perhaps with Hate.

OH! tax me not with such abhor'd Ingratitude, answer'd she, I love you with the same fondness as ever; but Youth, Nature, the Importunities of *Celamon*,—And here she stop'd; and the good *Fryar*, either unwilling to put her to farther Pain, or resolv'd to make use of her Frailty and Irresolution for his own Designs, replied in this manner.

THE greatest Faults, my Dearest, said he, embracing her, are sometimes excused by the Circumstances which induce us to become guilty of them.

WHO is this *Celamon*, that has so far prevail'd over a Heart I thought myself the Sole possessor of.

AND

AND by what Services has he acquired such an Advantage? — The easy-natur'd *Blessira*, thus interrogated, immediately made him acquainted with the Stratagem *Celamon* had put in practice to get into the Monastery, concealing nothing of what had pass'd; thereby thinking to excuse herself for the Condescensions she had promis'd to make him.

BUT how strangely was she surpriz'd, when having finish'd what she had to say, the *Fryar*, changing those Accents of Tenderness, which had won her to so imprudent a Confession, for others all grave, austere, and suitable to his Function; How Daughter! *cried he*, is it possible you could so far forget yourself, and what is due to this holy Place, as to suffer a Man, with impure Desires, to prophane it, by entring among the pious Sisterhood, of whom you are a Member.

IT cannot be, but that you must be sensible that you have been guilty of a great Crime; and that very knowledge renders it yet more heinous, because you have ran counter to the Dictates of your own Conscience.

YOU must believe such a Discourse could not but be extremely surprizing, from him who had made it his business to persuade her that Love was no Offence to Heaven.

SHE could not forbear testifying it in this, or the like manner.

BLESS me! *cry'd she*, are then the Condescensions I have made you, so many Sins; and will not Heaven forgive those little Frailties to which Youth and Nature lead us, with Inducements too powerful to be withstood?

I am sure, you have often told me, that no more was expected from us weak Mortals, than to combat with Temptations; and when o'ercome by their too powerful Force, the Fault was not in us; nor should we be condemned for that which was not in our Power to avoid. — Ah! how can you so severely chide me for an Error which you yourself first taught me to commit?

THE Case is widely different, *reply'd he*; for, besides that the Love I bear you, is so far exceeding what any other Man can regard you with, that I more deserve your Love, my holy Order sanctifies all I do, and gives me Power to absolve the Sin I make you guilty of.

HEAVEN, when it decreed us Priests infallible in judging Matters relating to Divinity, took not from us the Appetites and Desires incident to Humanity, which would be so many Tortures, a perfect Hell on Earth, if not permitted to indulge them; and since forbid to Marry, simple Fornication is no more than a venial Transgression, which, like original Sins, are pardon'd by the Impossibility of avoiding.

WHAT you have consented to, therefore, either out of Love, or Complaisance for me, will never

never be imputed to you as a Crime ; but to have entertain'd so great a Tenderneſs for *Celamon*, to ſuffer him to remain within theſe ſacred Walls in the Diſguiſe of a Woman ; to have, tho' but in Thought, yielded to the Act of Shame with him, is a Crime ſo enormous, that I know not how, without violating the Oath of Prieſthood, to abſolve.

NAY, I muſt reaſon with myſelf, whether I ſhould not become Partner in the Guilt by concealing it. — I fear my tender Conſcience will not ſuffer me to do ſo.

I ſhall be compell'd, in ſpite of all the Affection I have for you, to expoſe both you, and that injurious Prophaner of Religion, to the virtuous Indignation of the ſuperior Clergy. — Fain I wou'd, Heaven knows, ſcreen you from the Punishments ordain'd in this World for Offenders ſuch as you, but cannot, dare not answer it to myſelf.

BLESSIR A, who was naturally timorous, was ſo terrified at this Menace, that ſhe threw herſelf on her Knees before him, conjuring him not to expoſe her, and proteſting that ſhe would renounce all Thoughts of *Celamon*, and every other Man beſides himſelf for ever.

ON which the *Fryar*, having brought her to the Point he deſir'd, rais'd her, and with ſomething more Tenderneſs in his Voice than before, — Well, Daughter, ſaid he, it is not in my Power to reſiſt your Tears, nor can I live and ſee you treated with thoſe Severities the Secular

Law ordains for such a Crime: I cannot, however, absolve you, without inflicting a Penance, which, perhaps, you may think difficult to go through; yet is it highly necessary, as well for the Security of your Reputation in this World, as for your Salvation in the next, that it be done.

THE frightened *Blessira* made no Scruple of assuring him that there was nothing she would not undertake to obtain Forgiveness of him and Heaven.

AFTER which, You must then, *said he*, inform the Abbess of the Guest she has harbour'd; and by throwing the Odium of the intended Crime wholly on him, free yourself from all Suspicion of having encourag'd him to attempt it.

HE was proceeding, but *Blessira*, alarm'd beyond Measure at so unexpected an Injunction, interrupted him in these Terms: Oh, God! *cry'd she*, must *Celamon* suffer for a Crime which nothing but Excess of Love influenc'd him to commit? And must I, for whose Sake he has despised all Dangers, expose him to the worst he could have dreaded, and become his Accuser?

THERE is no other way for it, *resumed the vindictive Fryar*; nor can you expect to be freed from so great a Transgression, by a less Penance than the Mortification it will be to you, to betray a Man who loves you, which yet will be extremely sweetned by the Reputation which both your Beauty and your Virtue will acquire.

ALL

ALL who hear the Story, will celebrate, as a Prodigy, those Charms, which to obtain, the Lover thought nothing too much to hazard; and none will hereafter dare to suspect a Chastity, which, to preserve itself, gave up so accomplish'd an Adorer. Your Fame will be signalized in Song by every tuneful Bard while you live, and the Devout pray to you as a Saint when dead.

BLESSIRA had, indeed, the most Vanity of any of her Sex, yet could not these fine Things so far instigate that Foible in her, as to make her consent immediately to an Act of so much Barbarity and Ingratitude as this; and she sigh'd bitterly without being able to reply one Word, in answer to what he said; nothing being more dreadful to her than to comply, yet not daring to refuse.

HE easily perceiv'd what her Thoughts were, and taking the Advantage of her Timidity, enforc'd the Arguments he made use of with all the terrible Denunciations imaginable: How far, at last, he might have work'd on the Weakness of her Disposition, is uncertain, because an Accident happen'd to compleat all he desir'd without her Aid.

BUT because I doubt not but you have been all this Time in pain to know the Reasons which had occasion'd her missing *Celamon*, and embracing the *Fryar* in his stead, I will now inform you of them, and in what Manner that Gentleman was all this while employ'd.

As he was going along the Walk, much about the appointed Time, he saw a Woman pass swiftly before him into one of those close Grotto's; making no doubt but it was the Person he expected to meet, he follow'd, and as he came to the Entrance, My dear *Blessira*! said he. — 'Tis not *Blessira*, answer'd the Lady, but one who will as gladly entertain you, as she, if you are disposed for sitting up this fine Night.

THE Sound of her Voice made him immediately know it was a young Nun called *Clarice*. She was beautiful as an Angel, and had always express'd a more than ordinary Regard for him since he came into the Convent.

VEX'D, as he was, at the Mistake he had been guilty of, he told her, that it being his Design to pass some Hours in the Garden, he was glad to have met so agreeable a Companion.

I fear, resumed she, with a Sigh, your Complaisance exceeds the real Truth of your Inclinations; for tho' none has express'd a greater Friendship for you, and more endeavour'd a Freedom of Conversation with you, than myself, since you came into this Place, yet have you, or else I imagin'd so, rather avoided than any way coveted my Acquaintance.

SUCH a Suspicion is wrong done to me, replied he, which nothing can repair but your continuing to make the same Trial of me, which you say has had so little Effect.

IN-

INDEED, dear *Julia*, resumed *she*, (*for that was the Name by which he was called*) there is something of an irresistible Motive which inclines me to desire your Friendship; and as a Proof that mine is as perfectly sincere, I will let you into the Secret of it.

YOU must know, continued *she*, that you have so much the Resemblance of the only Man I ever did, or ever can love, that I could gaze on you for ever with an unwearied Pleasure; yet is there a Pain mix'd with it, a kind of bashful Awe, and Fearfulness invades me, when I speak to you, and strange Tremblings play about my Heart. — Scarce cou'd I feel more, were the lov'd Youth, whose Features are so much yours, here present.

CELAMON imagining himself suspected to be the Person he really was, felt a Confusion, which, had he not been befriended by the Darkeness, wou'd have gone near to have made his Conjectures a Reality; but endeavouring to conceal it as much as possible: Good God, said he, have you been so much in Love! I have heard much Talk of that Passion, but cou'd never find in my Heart to believe there were such violent Emotions in Reality.

OH! too happy Maid, resum'd the other with a Sigh, but thou perhaps hast never seen those Eyes, which taught me what I but vainly endeavour to describe; and sure none but he has the Power of inspiring Desires such as I feel.

CELAMON grew more assured at these Words, and having some little Curiosity in his Nature; I have seen many Men, said he, who are thought agreeable by the World, but, whether the Charmer of your Soul happen'd to be of the Number, I know not; unless to the Picture you have drawn, you wou'd be so free to set a Name.

I will hide nothing from you, *answered she*, let us sit down, and in as brief a Manner as I can, I will relate the Particulars of my unhappy Passion.

WITH these Words they went farther into the Grotto, and plac'd themselves on one of those little Seats, of which every one of those delightful Recesses were full.

AFTER which, I know not, *said she*, but the Freedom I take, in disclosing what, perhaps, it wou'd better become me to be ashamed of, may lose me all that Esteem I wou'd wish to inspire in you; but however indiscreet either my Passion, or the revealing it, might seem to another Person, both ought to stand excusable to you, since the Charms I find in *Julia* alone could make me reveal to her, what only the Charms of *Celamon* have made me feel.

AND sure, *continued she*, you must be near of Kin to that all-lovely Youth; the same Graces are common to you both, the same bewitching Sweetness, all that I languish'd for in *Celamon* as the *Lover*, I admire in *Julia* the Friend.

HERE

HERE she paus'd to give way to some Sighs, which, in spite of her Efforts to restrain them, broke in upon her Discourse; but the Surprize of the Person to whom she spoke, was so great, that it prevented him from making any Reply to the Compliments she had given him, either as *Gelamon* or *Julia*, being now again at a Loss to know which it was she believ'd him to be: Sometimes he imagin'd, that discovering him through his Disguise, she had taken this Method of letting him into the Secret of her Affection without Breach of Modesty; but then again, the Means by which he was introduc'd to the Monastery, and the Improbability that she, who had never seen him but at a Distance, shou'd be able to know him, when some who had been most intimate with him, had talk'd to him at the Grate, without imagining they entertain'd any other than a Woman, check'd that Suggestion, and left him in the same Dilemma with which he first began to reflect.

HE was, however, vastly impatient for the unravelling this Affair, and tho' he was at first in the utmost Chagrin for being disappointed of his expected Happiness with *Blessira*; yet was she now forgot, and all former Emotions ceas'd, and gave way to that more prevailing one, this new Adventure rais'd within him; which obliging him to desire she wou'd proceed in the little History she had promis'd, she resum'd her Discourse in this Manner.

YOU must, doubtless, have heard of the Marquis de Lor, said she; I am one of the Daughters
of

of that Nobleman, destin'd, long before I had any Capacity of distinguishing the Merits of Mankind, to be the Bride of the young Count *du Parve*.

WHEN I arriv'd at the Age of Fifteen, it was judg'd proper the Nuptials should be solemniz'd; for my Part, as I had no Tendernefs for the Person of my intended Husband, so had I no Averfion; a calm Indifference fat upon my Soul, and influenc'd all my Words and Actions.

HE, on the contrary, appear'd all Rapture when he heard the Time, which was to make me his, was fo near at Hand; but I, wholly infenfible of what he felt, and not in the leaft warm'd by his Heat, attended it with juft the fame Emotions as I shou'd have done the Day in which I was to make a Vifit to an ordinary Acquaintance, fee an Opera, or put on a new Suit of Cloaths.

AND if I was at all affected with any Thing he faid to me, it was only Wonder that the Paffion he talk'd of cou'd have fo great a Force; but, alas! it was not long I continued thus ignorant.

HAPPENING to hear Mafs, at that Church which is facred to our Lady, I faw, pretty near me, a Form which attracted my Eyes and Heart; a young Relation, who was with me, inform'd me that his Name was *Celamon*, of the Family of the Duke *de Villbranche*.

DIVINE Service ceas'd, but that Adoration my fond Soul paid to this new Conqueror continued; he left the Chapel, and I return'd Home,
with

with Sentiments entirely the Reverse of those I had carry'd out; I now hated the Count, look'd on the State I was about to enter into with him, as the Grave of all my Happiness; I thought I could have been content to have liv'd always unmarried, that so I might have indulg'd Imagination with the Perfections of *Celamon*; but to give my self to another, one for whom, tho' I had often endeavour'd it, I never could feel the least Affection, was now grown so terrible, that I resolv'd, whatever shou'd be the Consequence, not to make my self wretched in that Point.

I grew so peevish, and indeed unmannerly to him, that he soon found, that instead of gaining any Ground in my Heart in Favour of his Pretensions, he had rather created an Aversion there; and, dissatisfied at it to the last Degree, he complained of my Behaviour to my Father, who, angry and surpriz'd, demanded of me my Reasons for having treated, in that sort, a Man who was shortly to be my Husband.

OH! never, never, (answer'd I, falling at his Feet) I beg you, Sir, to give over all such Thoughts, rather condemn me to Death, or to an eternal Celibacy, than force me to Embrace my Soul abhors: Long have I struggled with my Aversion for him, but find it fix'd, and never to be removed, but with my Life; if therefore you wish not to see me the most wretched Thing on Earth, retract the Promise you have made him, and ease me of the continual Horrors which invade me, whenever I but think of being his Wife.

IT wou'd be altogether in vain, *continued she*, to endeavour to represent, as it really was, the Rage my Father flew into at these Words, and when he perceived by my repeating them, and protesting that I wou'd do the same before the Priest, even tho' I shou'd be dragg'd to the Altar, that I was resolute never to marry the Count; I thought of nothing but falling a Sacrifice to his Indignation, and in the first Emotions of it, might, probably, not have been mistaken, had not my Mother enter'd, and by the Influence she had over him, preserv'd me; not that I ow'd it to her Love.

I soon after discover'd she spoke not in my Behalf, but for the Opportunity of exaggerating my Disobedience hereafter with the greater Credit, for having brought a little Family of Children to my Father, and I the only surviving one of his first Marriage, she both envy'd and fear'd the Prevalency I had 'till then held in his Affections; in fine, she had always consider'd my Marriage with the Count, as a State which wou'd raise me above what she could promise herself would be the Fortune of those born of her, and was glad to see me so conducive to my own Unhappiness as to put it off.

SHE therefore artfully brought him by degrees, to consent to take me at my Word; and enflaming the Count with the Report of my Ingratitude for the Passion he had express'd for me, it was determin'd, that if I repented not of refusing him, before the Day which had been appointed for our Marriage, I shou'd the next be carried to a Monastery;

stery ; but while Things were thus carried on, I was assiduous for all Opportunities of seeing the Charmer of my Soul, and frequently enjoy'd that Blessing, at Church, at the Opera, and once on Horseback, passing by our House, while, by Accident, I was at the Window ; tho' I had never spoke to him, nor knew any Body who I cou'd hope wou'd introduce me to his Acquaintance.

MY Passion increas'd with every View, and I was so far from consenting to what my Father desir'd, that I refus'd, in the most resolute Manner, even to hear the Count speak to me of Love, or see him any more on that Score.

IN fine, here I was brought, as the Marquis *de Lor* intended, 'till I should learn Obedience to his Will ; but, according to my Mother-in-Law's Designs, to be secluded from the World for ever.

WHEN I was once remov'd, my Absence and Undutifulness, join'd to the Insinuations of those, whose Interest it was to banish me from his Affections, made him transfer them to his other Children ; and as soon as my Time of Probation was expired, I was compell'd to take the Veil, and by that Means wholly deprived of what sometimes my flattering Hopes had presented me with an Idea of, 'till by some happy Accident, one Day, I came acquainted with the charming *Celamon*, and had the good Fortune to seem agreeable in his Eyes.

THE unfortunate *Clarice* thus finish'd her Narration ; but with what Emotions the Breast of him who

who heard, and was so much interested in it, must swell, 'tis easy to conceive. — She was young, beautiful, languishing, had every Requisite to enflame Desire ; he was a Man amorous, and inconstant.

THEY were alone, his Humour, her Wishes, the Place, the Time, every Thing conspired to her Undoing ; and eager to compleat it, — And do you still, *said he*, preserve the same favourable Idea of *Celamon* ? — Would he be a welcome Guest, should some lucky Opportunity bring him before you ? Would you vouchsafe to testify to him that Passion you have confess'd to *Julia* ? — Ah, why do you interrogate me, *cry'd she*, on things which are impossible to be answer'd, as it is that such a Tryal ever should arrive ? — But if it should ? *resum'd he*. — Why, if it shou'd *return'd she with a sigh*, I cannot be sensible how far I might be transported ; I think I would not wrong my Virtue, — but fear I could not hide my Love.

WOULD you not pity his ? *cry'd he*, did you now see him at your Feet, imploring the Effects of that Tenderness you have with such enchanting Sweetness been describing ? — Suppose *continued he*, this *Julia*, to whom you have been talking, were that happy *Celamon* you love ; — suppose him taking advantage of your soft Confession, he boldly seiz'd possession of the Breast of which you have own'd him Conqueror, could you not forgive the Amorous Ambition ? — With these words he caught her in his Arms, and began to treat her with Freedom's little becoming one Woman to another ;

ther ; but soon having good reason to believe him otherwise, she struggled to get free ; and frightened, hurried between Pain and Pleasure, trembling, dreading, and, at the same time, wishing he were indeed the Man she now began to think him, begg'd him to explain his Meaning, and let her know both who he was, and what he expected from her. — All *said he*, that Love has made my Due, the Due of *Celamon* : I am that happy Youth, and never had so much Reason blest my Name, as now I find it dear to the amiable *Clarice*.

SHOULD I go about, *said the informing Spirit*, to set forth the strange Vicissitude of her disorder'd Thoughts, the bashful Fear, the Joy, the Pain, the wild Surprise, each Agitation of the various Passions, with which her Soul was hurried in so astonishing a Juncture, it would take up so much of the already declining Night, that I should have none left to acquaint you with the remaining part of her Story ; I will therefore pass over all that her Virgin-Modesty made her say, or do, to resist him ; and only let you know, that the more prevailing Dictates of her Love, at last gave him the Victory, and he triumph'd over all. — In the midst of their guilty Rapture I will leave them for a while, since long they were not permitted to indulge it.

THE good Abbess, full of Care and concern for the sick Father, fancying she heard some Noise in the Night, fear'd his Distemper had grown worse, and ordering a Candle to be lighted, went to the Room where he lay, attended by one of the Nuns ; but not finding him there, was strangely amazed, especially, when passing a little farther on, she perceiv'd the Door that open'd to the Garden was unlock'd.

SHE

SHE made no delay, and resolving to be satisfied of what she began to fear, went as softly down as she could; the Light however, and the little Noise which she and her Companion made, was enough to alarm the Nuns; frighted at so unusual a disorder started from their Cells, and began to run some one way, some another, to know what had occasion'd it.

THE Abbess being well awake, and more grieved than terrified, went directly to the upper end of the Garden; and the first Grotto she enter'd, was that where *Celamon* and *Clarice* had been sacrificing to Love, and were now fast asleep, reclin'd in each other's Arms. — The Posture they lay in, and the Confusion which sat on both their Faces, when rous'd by the Abbess, sufficiently inform'd her of the Prophanation they had been guilty of, and that *Julia* was a false Sister. — She said but little, notwithstanding her Perplexities: but ordering the Nun who came with her to see them to their several Cells, and take care they should converse no farther till she had examin'd them, went herself in search of the *Fryar*, who she very much fear'd had pass'd his time in the same manner; but as she was passing on, was met by five or six of the Sisterhood, who, like her, seeing the Garden-door open, imagin'd something extraordinary had happen'd, and had ran thither. They had the *Fryar* and *Blessira* in the midst of them as Prisoners, Chance having directed them to the Grotto in which these Lovers were, and made them be found in the most criminal Embraces; which he, to strengthen his Persuasions that she should discover the disguised *Celamon*, was just beginning to renew, when they arriv'd. —

They

THEY immediately inform'd the *Abbeſs* in what manner they had found them; who, full of the utmoſt Grief for what had happen'd, made them alſo to be conducted in, and ſecur'd till the next Morning; at which time ſhe ſent for the Superior of that College of which he was a Member, and deliver'd him up; who, after being made to ſuffer ſevere Penances, was ſtrip'd of his ſacred Habiliments, and turn'd out, expos'd to the juſt Inſults his Crimes had drawn upon him.

BLESSIRA, not having taken the Vow, incurr'd not the Sentence of immuring; but if Faſting, Stripes, and other bodily Mortifications, could bring Repentance, ſhe could not fail of boaſting a perfect Contrition.

THE Story being known, and all hopes of Marriage loſt, *Bleſſira* ſoon after became a profeſs'd Nun. — As for *Clarice* and *Celamon*, none having been witneſs of their Guilt but the *Abbeſs*, and one Nun, to both which this offending Fair had been very dear, they reſolv'd not to diſcover it; contenting themſelves with inflicting ſuch Punishments on her in private, as they thought her Transgreſſion merited.

THE Guilt of *Celamon* being intermix'd with that of *Clarice*, in ſuch a manner as one could not be puniſh'd without the other, he was ſuffer'd to depart the Monastery without any other Punishment than the knowledge, how poſſible it was for him ever to ſee his dear Miſtreſs more.

As for *Eleſſira*, having now his liberty, he thought on her no longer; the diſcovery of her Intrigue,

trigue, with the *Fryar*, together with the Charms of *Clarice*, drove her entirely from his Mind. But that unhappy Lady not long survived her loss of Virtue: Shame, Grief, and the Severities with which the *Abbeſs*, though she expos'd her not to the publick Infamy, thought her self obliged to treat her, soon brought on that Death she had incurr'd, tho' not in the same manner as if inflicted on her by the Sentence of the Law. *Celamon* was the only Person who escaped punishment; the Indulgence of the *Abbeſs* to *Clarice*, preventing any from the Law, as the Danger it would have been to have reveal'd in Confession, did from any private Mortification.

THUS have I, said the shade of *Almajue*, given you many Instances of the danger of giving way to Passion of all kinds; nor is it only those from which the Law and publick Shame deters you are to avoid, there are others of as black a quality, and equally as poisonous a Virtue, for which there are decreed no Punishments on this side the Grave; and is those I would have you most carefully corrected, whenever you find the least propensity to them in your Mind. Envy and Detraction are not the less criminal, because they are less censured than some other Vices; and I hope the History of last Night has sufficiently convinced you that they are not always without their ill Consequences.

THE aerial Adviser here ceas'd to speak, but perceiving the Person to whom she had all this while been directing her Discourse, still sleeping, and in a condition to be capable of comprehending this intellectual Conversation, resumed it in this manner.

TIS

THIS is a Maxim, *said she*, with the People of your World, that the Speeches of the Dead are worthy to be remarked by those who live.

TAKE then, unwary Maid! the Advice of one, who, while she dwelt in Flesh, was too much of your Disposition. — Exquisite Pleasure has it been to me to reveal and ridicule the Errors of my Fellow-Creatures; those especially of my own Sex, who were fam'd for any Perfection either of Mind or Body. — Nothing gave so great a Lustre to my Eyes, as the Joy which sparkled there, when I beheld those of another streaming with Tears for some discover'd Crime. — But Oh! I deeply have repented since, the cruel Effects of my Envy, Ill-nature, and Tenaciousness of my own Strength of Virtue. — Pity therefore, from henceforward, those who have yielded to the Force of a too-powerful Temptation; and censure not Actions, the Motives of which you cannot comprehend. — Believe that none would go astray by *Choice*; and if prevailing *Chance*, or *Weakness*, misguides their ill-directed Feet, you are not the *Judge*, but *Witness* of the Failing: He only who sees into the secret Movements of the Heart, is able to determine how far it has transgress'd; Appearances are frequently deceitful, nor is it in the Power of Humanity to arrive at Certainty in these Cases. Oh! would every one turn their Eyes inward, and consult themselves, they would find so much to correct, they would have no Leisure to look Abroad for Objects of Condemnation. If free from one Crime on which thou boastest thy self, thou hast, perhaps, a thousand others of a more damning Quality; and amongst all, there is none more displeasing to Heaven, more pernicious to Society, and more of a-piece with the Fiends, than to take delight

light in Mischief, and pride in the Ruin of another's Reputation.

DARKNESS now ebb'd, and *Phosphor* from afar, with twinkling Rays, gave warning to the wandering Sprites, to quit the nether World: The well-known Summons *Almajue* obey'd, and more swift than Thought was lost in Air; but her Admonitions were deeply imprinted in the Mind of the still slumbring Fair; and as a Proof that she forgot them not, some of her waking Moments were employ'd in communicating them to her Friends, with the Intelligences also which she had receiv'd from the obliging Phantom.

F I N I S.

